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TEARS.

BY M. H. S.

The tears of Rage are poisoned drops that burn
And make of life's glad cup a funeral urn.

The tears of Joy are but pure pearls that rise
From the full heart to scatter from the eyes.

The tears of Grief are like soft healing showers,
That make the stricken life bring forth fresh flowers.

But tears of Pity, each is such a gem,
God gathers it for His own diadem.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

JANE stood for a moment silent, incredulous, overwhelmed by this evidence of the miserable change that had been worked in the one being who, but a few months ago, had been in her love and estimation as a very god, synonymous to her with nobility, honor, the truest charity, absolute wisdom. She scarcely recognized her once-beloved father in the man who stood before her; and her whole soul cried out against the evil Cynthia's selfishness had worked in him. It was a terrible moment to the girl. Even up to this day the old love had held its power in her heart, had pleaded excuses for all the forgetfulness, the coldness, the lack of interest that had been shown to her so late. It was true she had not had the same happiness in him; but the tenderness of her clinging devotion, her faith in him had never wavered. She had pitied him for his weakness, but, innocent as she was, she had sympathized with him too; and she had whispered to herself of a day in the future perhaps when the old "daddy" would come to her once more. She knew now how futile this hope had been; the change was far deeper and stronger than she had feared. It was so hard to realize this; to know that it was her father who could turn thus easily from an honorable duty, who could stand coldly by while another struck a blow at his child's happiness and offered a veritable insult to one who, by years of faithful service, had the right to demand his respect and consideration.

Bitter words trembled on the girl's lips; but she did not utter them. Apart from her own personal grief in this matter, there was to her something terribly painful in the sight of her father's self-abnegation, of the willingness with which he turned and placed his neck beneath the foot of this girl, who might have used her power over him to such good ends, but who took advantage of her position only to gratify her own selfish arrogant spirit.

Without a word Jane turned and went away. There was no mortification, no humiliation in her defeat; there was only bitter regret over her most mistaken father and deep sorrow for her beloved friend. She mounted the stairs as if in a dream, and when she entered her room she went straight into Mrs. Winter's open arms without uttering one word; even tears were denied her at this moment. She clung to her dear governess as long as possible; but the time was short, and Lady Ludlowe's orders were definite and imperative.

When the actual moment of parting came, their grief was too intense for speech. As Mrs. Winter drove away, she felt that never would be effaced from her memory the last glimpse she had had of her sweet pupil sitting by the old schoolroom table, her head bowed upon her folded arms, her whole figure eloquent of grief and desolation.

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The days dragged slowly by; they multiplied into weeks; the weeks became months, and the time of good-will to all men on earth, the time of fun and frolic to children, of family reunions and domestic gatherings was close at hand.

Christmas had always been a quiet festival with Sir Richard Ludlowe and his little daughter; it had been left to the servants to provide festivity and merry-making. Jane had always taken a deep interest in the servants' enjoyment. Her own share of Christmas had generally been a busy one on account of the charity she had graciously dispensed through the village and among the poor scattered around her father's house. This year her Christmas would be robbed of even this pleasure.

In the old days Sir Richard had been lavish in his gifts of money to the girl; she had always had a store on which she could draw generously, knowing fully well that more money would be forthcoming when that was exhausted. But under the new influence that was now paramount in Carno Court even this state of things was changed for Jane. She never knew how rich she had been till now, when her heart ached at the want that appealed to her and her hands were powerless to help. She made no supplication to her father; she had never asked him for anything—his gifts had all been spontaneous; and, had she ever required anything, she had but needed to turn to Mrs. Winter, and the matter was settled.

Now Jane was utterly alone. No governess had appeared as yet to fill the place left vacant by Mrs. Winter; but Jane had been informed by Lady Ludlowe that it was intended she should continue her studies for another two years. The girl received the information in silence; she very rarely spoke now. Sometimes she exchanged a few words in her gentle fashion with Meadows, who had many a hard thought in his heart towards his master and the girl Sir Richard had married, and who often had to stop in his work to brush his hand across his eyes as he caught sight of Jane's grave face, so sadly different from what it had been.

If she had been asked, the girl could hardly have told how she had spent the time that had intervened between her "Summer's" departure and the advent of this joyless Christmas. She lived alone in her own rooms. There had been days when she had seen neither her father nor his wife. She went for long walks into the country, gleefully attended by Peter and Lord John. She sometimes rode out on her pony, and sometimes she went to take tea with one or another of her old humble friends in the village. But Jane shirked these visits; she could not bear the tongue or eye of curiosity. She had nothing to say of Lady Ludlowe; therefore she avoided all mention of her beautiful young step-mother. Her greatest pleasure was in receiving letters from Mrs. Winter and in writing back to her dear friend. She had her music and her painting, and these were sources of consolation to her. She followed all the advice Mrs. Winter sent in her letters, and went through a steady course of solid reading.

Lady Montrose had not come again to Carno Court; but about the end of November Sir Richard and Lady Ludlowe had gone for a few days to London, and on their return they brought with them Cynthia's mother to stay for an indefinite period under her daughter's roof. Jane had been nearly happy during the few days they were absent; but the tension on her spirit and nerves was at times almost greater than she could bear. She never tried now to discover the reason of Lady Ludlowe's dislike to her. She never encouraged hope to blossom in her heart; she accepted all with a resignation that was in itself the fullest testimony to her innate nobility and sweetness. She little knew that this very nobility and sweetness only increased the jealousy and hatred that Cynthia Ludlowe felt for her.

Jane was at once a revelation and a reproach to Cynthia. Again and again Lady Ludlowe realized this girl's superiority to herself; where she had failed, Jane was so rich; where she was so despicable, Jane was so noble. Again and again the comparison was forced upon her, again and again came that relentless thought—

"This girl would never do what I did; this nature would be worthy of the love that once was given to me; this heart would be true and faithful unto death."

Cynthia's old sense of justice made her see the truth of this; but her jealousy, her restless discontent, her regret for her past folly were too bitter, too potent not to undermine the remnant of that which was good within her. She knew that she was acting contemptibly, she knew she was unjust, unreasonable, unworthy; but her resentment against her fate, knowing as she did the mistake she had made, had worked a disastrous change in Cynthia's nature.

When the time arrived that brought the title and all its grandeur to the man whom she had so wantonly deserted, the last spark of generosity vanished, and Cynthia Ludlowe, despite her wealth and position, was an embittered woman, at war with all the world.

Jane soon found an object for her ready sympathy in poor weak nervous Mrs. Denistoun; she could even sympathize with the adoration this mother lavished on her child, though Cynthia's claim to such adoration was so deeply hidden from Jane's eyes; and Mrs. Denistoun showed in a dozen little ways, which must have had a pathetic significance to any ordinary sympathetic being, how glad she was to have some one upon whom she could bestow some of the warm affection in her heart.

She quickly learned to like the girl, and found pleasure and comfort in Jane's presence and companionship. Helen Denistoun had no love to give to any one but her own proud haughty child, who awed her while she filled the nervous heart with pride; but she could be unkindly to no one, and little Jane found some faint gleam of gladness in her life after Cynthia's mother came to the house.

Sir Richard and his young wife were to spend Christmas abroad; they would be absent for a few weeks. Cynthia was to have her first experience of Paris; and, although she showed no outward enthusiasm or appreciation of the tour planned entirely to give her pleasure, she was by no means loath to leave Carno Court for a little while. She had grown feverishly restless since she had heard of the Earl of Hampshire's arrival in England. She was nervously fearful of encountering him, and yet she felt it would be as a breath of real life to gaze once more upon George's handsome face.

She went off to Paris without troubling to go through the form of bidding Jane farewell; and after this the house was given up to the girl, Mrs. Denistoun, and the dogs. Jane could not resist this last temptation. The moment Lady Ludlowe was safely gone, Peter and Lord John made their re-appearance, and, as Meadows put it, "took it out of the staircase" in the most approved fashion.

Two or three days slipped by, not unhappily. Jane ministered to her invalid companion with all the gentleness and tenderness of which she was capable, and Mrs. Denistoun certainly was not ungrateful.

About the fourth day a letter arrived from Mrs. Winter, or rather from Mrs. Winter's son Robert, with whom Jane's dear "Summer" had gone to live immediately on leaving the house that had been her home for so long. The contents of this letter upset Jane dreadfully.

"She is ill! Oh, my dear, dear Summer, oh, if I could only go and see her!" she said to herself, and her eyes filled with tears.

The girl confided her sorrow to Mrs. Denistoun, and was deeply gratified by the warm sympathy Cynthia's expressed for her.

"You do not know how good she was! You do not know how I long to go to her!" cried Jane wistfully. "Oh, do you think I might go to her, Mrs. Denistoun, just for a day?"

"Surely, my dear," Mrs. Denistoun replied unhesitatingly. "If you have one of the maids to travel with you, no harm is likely to come of it. I am very sorry to hear your bad news, and I am sure it is only natural you should want to go to such a dear friend. I will accept all responsibility with regard to Cynthia."

Jane responded to this with a tender embrace; and then there was some bustle as well as considerable haste, and eventually the girl found herself en route for Massingtown, the small country place where Mrs. Winter was now living. She took her own schoolroom maid, Peter and Lord John; and Meadows traveled part of the way with her. The journey had to be performed in two sections, and Meadows left his young mistress at a junction that was half-way to Massingtown. The circumstances were so irregular and so full of excitement after the long weeks of monotonous sadness that, but for her anxiety on "Summer's" account, Jane would have enjoyed the journey.

Peter was a most docile traveling companion; but Lord John was just the reverse, and Jane had her hands full in keeping him in order.

When they alighted at their destination the girl sent her maid to collect the luggage, while she herself took charge of the dogs. There were a few passengers at Massington, and among them was a tall handsome young man, dressed in deep mourning, who alighted from a smoking-carriage. To him the station-master touched his hat respectfully, and motioned the way through a side-gate to where a dog-cart stood waiting.

But Lord Hampshire did not pass through the gate. He paused and then steadily looked down the platform to where Jane Ludlowe stood, her whole attention centred on keeping in control a most refractory fox-terrier.

The Earl seemed to come to a sudden determination. He nodded to the railway official and walked down the platform towards Jane.

"I will go out this way, Grey," he said pleasantly.

He arrived on the scene just as Lord John had vanquished his mistress and was escaping from her hold, his intention being to d fy and then worst the engine, whose snortings and puffings he had entirely misconstrued.

"Oh," cried Jane, "he will be killed!"

Then she uttered an exclamation of surprise. A stick with a crooked handle had been put out dexterously, and Lord John was caught by the collar and hauled back

speedily and ignominiously at the very moment he was making his escape.

A lovely blush spread over Jane's face. She did not find it easy to speak at first, for her heart was beating now in a most unaccountably wild manner.

"Thank you," she said simply and hurriedly—"oh, thank you so very much! You—you seem fated to come to my rescue. I am so much obliged!"

Lord Hampshire raised his hat and smiled into her beautiful eyes.

"I am afraid Lord John does not shar your good memory," he said lightly. "See—he has quite forgotten me, and we became great friends the last time we met!"

"He is a naughty dog—a dreadfully naughty dog!" declared Jane, fixing a severe look upon the culprit, and then smiling again in a way that struck the young man as being very pretty to see. "He is always so ashamed when he has done anything wrong that I can never scold him very much," she confessed.

"I think I had better take care of him till we get out of the station. You will allow me to assist you, I hope?"

"Here comes my luggage and my maid. We must have a fly," said Jane. She was perfectly at ease with him; that was one of her greatest charms, since it was instantly apparent from her eyes and her bearing that her ease of manner was due to pure simplicity and innocence of the world. "We have to find our way to the Vicarage; I don't know where it is. I have never been here before."

"You have not far to go," the young man replied.

A fly was called. The luggage, the dogs, and the maid found their way into it; and then Jane, with a slight blush, put out her hand gracefully to her cavalier.

"Your wrist is quite well now, I hope?" he observed.

"Oh, it was better in a week!" replied Jane, laughing. She half turned away, and then looked back. "I—I gave your handkerchief to a very old friend of yours, so perhaps you have received it."

"Many thanks—yes!" he rejoined, as he put her carefully into the fly, stepped back, and raised his hat. "Au revoir!" he added; and the next moment the horse had started, and Jane lost sight of him.

But the quick beating of her heart did not soon cease. She wondered vaguely at her feelings, but she did not seek to gauge them. She was conscious of a sudden delicious pleasure, and happiness was so rare with her now that she accepted unquestioningly all that came.

CHAPTER X.

TWO days of peaceful happiness followed on Jane's arrival at the small Vicarage in Massingtown. She had sent a telegram announcing her coming, and her dear "Summer" was waiting to receive her with a heart aglow with love and gratitude at this testimony of her child's love. Jane was grieved and extremely worried to see how ill Mrs. Winter looked; but it seemed almost as though her presence carried balm and healing on its wings, for in a few hours there was an unmistakable improvement in the invalid's looks and manner.

"I think I shall begin to be really jealous of you, Jane," said Robert Winter lightly, as this fact was made patent to them. "Mother gets better the very moment you come, and she absolutely refused to improve for me."

"Oh, Robert!" exclaimed the mother reproachfully.

"You know he does not mean it, Summer, my darling!" cried Jane. She had a warm place in her heart for this son of Mrs. Winter's; he had been a big, rather clumsy schoolboy when his mother had first gone to take care of the small heiress of Carno Court. Now and then he had come to the Court for a few days' holidays, and Jane had soon found out his good qualities. He was such a splendid companion, so big and strong, yet never rough, and with as great a love as herself for all animals. She had followed Robert Winter's career at college with as much interest as if he had been her brother, and the only thing that had consoled her when the bitter moment of parting from "Summer" had arrived was the recollection that the mother and son would be together. Robert Winter had indeed desired to have his mother with him more than a year before, but he had not pressed the matter, for he knew how deep into her heart little Jane had crept, and he did not grudge the girl his mother's care and wise companionship, although it was so dear to himself.

Jane explored the tiny house with breathless interest; she found a beauty in everything, and delighted her young host's heart by her ready praise.

"It is not Carno Court, remember," he said once as she was dilating on the charms of the small abode.

"It is much nicer," she answered gently, with a sigh—"yes, much nicer, Robert."

The dogs saw their chance and took it; they made themselves perfectly at home. There was no place sacred to them, they sat where they liked, and slept just when and where the mood pleased them. At first Lord John was inclined to be ungracious and ill-mannered to the dog of the house—a curious mixture of various terrier races, with a curly tail and a pathetic face. Jane of course conceived a liking for the little animal instantly, and Lord John promptly desired to eat him; but by degrees this desire was curbed and all was harmony.

Not a word was exchanged between Jane and Mrs. Winter on the subject of Lady Ludlowe. The girl had given a hurried explanation when she had first arrived.

"I felt I must come to you, 'Summer,'" she had said, "and Mrs. Denistoun was so kind as to give me permission immediately."

Mrs. Winter sat with her hand locked in the girl's.

"You will spend Christmas with us, Jane, I hope?" she said wistfully; and Jane replied that she most certainly should do so.

"I don't feel as if I could ever leave you again," she said, her voice taking a tone of unconscious passion. "Oh, Summer, how I have wanted you! Oh, those terrible days after you left me! I can scarcely bear to let them come into my thoughts. Did you miss me too, Summer? Oh, I hope you missed me a little!"

Mrs. Winter's eyes were full of tears; she drew the girl towards her and kissed her again and again.

"Missed you!" she exclaimed—and a whole volume was expressed in those two words. "Like you, I cannot bear to recall those days, Jane. You were in my thoughts from morning to night. It was with difficulty I restrained myself many a time from going to see that all was well with you, my own dear Jane—my pretty Jane!"

And then the girl, seeing how deep was the good woman's sorrow at their enforced separation, determined to pursue the subject no further.

"I mean to be quite gay and quite happy with you, Summer," she cried—and she banished all the shadows from her face; "but, first of all, I mean to make you well. You know I could always doctor you—now could I not? I have such a heap of things to tell you, I don't know where to begin. Meadows loaded me with messages—indeed all the household did the same. You have no idea how much you are loved, Summer!"

Jane rattled on in her brightest fashion, determined to rouse the invalid from her depression. She ransacked her brain and her memory for everything that could please and interest, and in a little while she had succeeded in producing a marked change for the better.

Lord John's latest exploit was of course given laughingly, and this introduced the name of Lord Hamsphire into the conversation. Mrs. Winter, watching the girl's delicate loveliness with keenest appreciation, noting and cherishing the beauties that had developed in the past weeks of absence, did not however fathom the meaning of the color that came and went so quickly in the girl's cheeks while the story of the rencontre at the railway-station was being related.

"He seems to be really a charming man," she said, as Jane paused for a moment. "I have not met him as yet, but Robert has had several conversations with him. Everybody down here is hoping very much that he will make Wyefeild his headquarters, as it would of course be a good thing for Massingtown and the county generally. The place has always been shut up. The late Earl never lived there; he preferred the house up in Yorkshire, and very rarely left it."

"Is Wyefeild quite close, then?" Jane asked. She was sitting on the hearthrug in front of the fire, with the dogs about her; there was an unusual glow of color on her face, but the heat from the blazing coals might have accounted for this.

"It is about a couple of miles outside Massingtown. I wonder whether the Earl will spend Christmas there? It must be rather lonely for him. Poor young man, he has no mother or any near and dear kin!"

Jane made no reply to this; she was looking down at the dogs, softly pulling Lord John's ears and making him twitch in a sleepy reproachful manner.

"He does not look as sad as he did," she said presently, as though she were addressing herself more than her companion.

"From what I have heard, I should imagine his sudden accession to wealth was something more than a great pecuniary relief; but, after all, I know very little about Lord Hampshire. I am the worst gossip in the world," Mrs. Winter remarked.

Jane smiled up at her old friend and looked down again.

"I expect poor old Ann Martin is in Paradise," she said, "now she had got her 'Master George' back again and for good. I wonder if she is still in Wales? I wrote to her a little while ago, but have had no answer; perhaps her son and his wife have been too busy to write for her. I am quite sure it is not forgetfulness; she is the most faithful creature I think I have ever known—except Peter."

Mrs. Winter laughed softly.

"What about me, Jane?"

"Oh," exclaimed Jane, with one of her rare gleams of sunny humor, "you are not a creature, Summer dear—you are a queen; there is no comparison!"

Mrs. Winter's heart was full of tender appreciation of the devotion Jane lavished upon her; and yet, while she recognized and revered the beautiful qualities of the girlish mind, she experienced some sadness in doing so, for she could not fail to see what possibilities of sorrow lay in store for such a nature.

Jane Ludlowe's life-history had commenced early in shadows, and the elder woman's intuition, sharpened by her love and by manifold experiences, recognized sorrowfully that far darker shadows loomed over the girl's future. There was already a marked difference in Jane; the child in her was gone altogether—not the innocence and purity of the child, but the unconsciousness, the spontaneity. She would barely touch on girlhood; she would pass fleetly on to womanhood, with its rare moments of joy and its many moments of pain and disenchantment. To a heart like Jane's there would be hardly any sorrow equal to the loss of her illusions and to the hard lesson of understanding the real meaning of life in all its bitterness. Mrs. Winter had always had a faint doubt regarding the girl's happiness. Just as she had feared the sequel to Jane's extraordinary love for her father, so she had feared for the results that might accure when another and more dangerous phase of love should come into the young heart.

"She will love not wisely but too well," the governess had said to herself with tender sorrow, when these thoughts had crossed her mind. And, if she had harbored presentiment and doubt in the past, these came with deeper meaning now, when it was so plain to her womanly understanding that, despite Jane's brave air and the pride and courage she brought to her aid, the girl was literally starving for the happiness that had been the mainstay of her childhood.

There was the enthusiasm, the passion, the intensity of her mother's Southern blood running in the girl's veins. Brought into contact with a good and noble influence, Mrs. Winter would however have seen nothing but contentment and the best of earthly happiness for her child; what she feared now was that Jane, shut off from the affection and sympathy that were to her sweet soul what water is to the drooping flowers, might by some sad chance fall beneath the spell of an influence which, while giving her life and light for a short space, might eventually bring to her ruin of hope and desolation of heart. It was this fear that made Mrs. Winter's separation from the girl so bitter and sorrowful to her.

She knew she would never have been able to fill the void left by the father's desertion and forgetfulness; but she knew that she would have been, in every sense of the word, a consolation to Jane and a protector who would have guided the young life as tenderly as any mother could have done. Her woman's heart hardened against Cynthia Ludlowe at that moment; she had a longing to put her arms about Jane and hold her there, defying all the world to rob her of her beloved child.

Mrs. Winter's tender apprehensions on Jane's account were soothed, however, gradually and surely as the hours slipped by; she found to her delight that, though changed in a subtle and definite way, Jane had not lost those qualities which had so early endeared her to her governess. The strong warm passionate nature was there most truly, but it was tempered by gentleness and by an innate sense of delicacy and purity that prevented any possibility of the girl's growing embittered or reckless. She was almost a woman, but she was unconscious of her womanhood; and, though she suffered keenly in her altered life, yet the obedience and simplicity of her childish days were with her still, and she suffered without thought of rebellion or outspoken discontent. One phase in her character would always remain to cause fears in the motherly and anxious mind, and that was the girl's entire and deep-rooted faith in the goodness of humanity. The world had come no nearer to Jane than the pages of her books had brought it. Even her first experience—the contact with Cynthia's selfish cruel nature—could not dispel this belief.

Jane could not admire her step-mother, but she did not renounce the dreams and poetical thoughts with which her br in thronged because of the knowledge brought by the introduction of such an essentially worldly person as Sir Richard's young wife. Mrs. Winter almost regretted this fact—not that she desired to shadow her girl's fresh translucent spirit with sophistry or pessimism, but she would have been glad nevertheless if a natural armor of discrimination could have been given to Jane, especially since the circumstances of her life had become so changed. She sat talking long and earnestly to her son on that first night after Jane had retired to rest; and Robert Winter did his best to console her and to point to a happy future for the girl they both loved so well.

"Of course I know all you mean, mother," the young clergyman had said, "but I don't think y. u need encourage such fears. Jane is a splendid character; she will make a beautiful woman in every sense of the word."

"If she falls into the right hands," observed Mrs. Winter.

The young man did not answer immediately.

"These are things no human mind can arrange or foresee," he said presently. "You are over-anxious, my dearest. I have the strongest faith in the girl's own power over herself. I am convinced that Jane Ludlowe will never be changed or spoiled; she has too great a reverence for all that is good."

"Ah, but that will not prevent her suffering!" objected Mrs. Winter.

Robert smiled half sadly, leaned forward, and took his mother's hand in his.

"Your heart is too great," he said, as he pressed his lips to it. "If you had your way, you would fold the whole world in cotton-wool, so that no one should be harmed. Be satisfied, my darling mother; your little Jane, even if she must suffer, has that within her that will carry her through triumphantly to the end. Earthly satisfaction is not the highest goal, but, so long as the girl's nature remains what it is, you should be content, for indeed it is a noble one, and I say again, I have no fear for her whatsoever."

Mrs. Winter pressed her son's hand.

"I am foolish perhaps, but I love her so much!" she said wistfully. "I want you to promise me, Robert, that you will always hold yourself in readiness to befriend and help her if she should ever need your help."

"You may rely on me," replied the young man gravely. "I hold it an honor to call myself Jane's friend now and always."

Unconscious of the tender anxiety that lurked in her "Summer's" heart, Jane revelled in her present happiness; the hours sped away swiftly, the following day was gone before it was scarcely well begun, and the third day came too soon.

"I suppose I must go back on Saturday," said Jane scornfully, Saturday being the day after Boxing Day.

"Do you think, if you wrote to Mrs. Denistoun, you could remain over Sunday?" asked Mrs. Winter eagerly.

"I might try," said Jane, her face lighting up; and forthwith she sat down and wrote a charming little letter to Cynthia's mother.

"I hope, Summer," she said a little hurriedly, as this was sealed and stamped—"I do hope Lady Ludlowe will not be annoyed with her mother; she is such a kind, weak, gentle creature, I should be dreadfully sorry if she had any worry on my account!"

Mrs. Winter remained silent; when any discussion or comment on Lady Ludlowe arose, she deemed it best to hold her peace; and at this moment there was the sound of a ring at the outer gate which heralded the approach of some visitor, thus ending all confidences.

"It is a man. I wonder who it can be?" said Mrs. Winter a moment later, glancing down the pathway with some surprise.

Jane glanced towards the garden too, and then colored faintly.

"It is Lord Hampshire," she said; and

her voice sounded strange to herself.

"Dear me—and Robert is out! How tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Winter.

But it appeared that Lord Hampshire had not come to see the Vicar. They could hear him asking for Mrs. Winter and also for Miss Ludlowe. The next moment he was sitting by the fire and Lord John was climbing on to his knee. Jane did not join in the conversation very much; she sat a little apart, twisting strips of a white and red material about some short poles that were destined to aid the Christmas decorations in the village schoolroom.

The young man looked at her now and then, and found a vague satisfaction in so doing. There was something pre-eminently graceful in Jane's every action. He was amused by the quick transitions of color that came and went in her delicate cheeks when he addressed her, and he found himself wishing that she would raise her small proud head and look at him out of those mysterious eyes of hers that seemed to promise such eloquence for the one that could pierce beneath their unconsciousness and touch their real secret. He had no other sensation, as he sat there, save a languid admiration and amusement. In the days gone by George Nugent would have held himself contemptible and even unmanly wantonly to seek to amuse himself with drawing out the pure unconscious spirit of a young girl merely to satisfy his curiosity and his vanity; but George, Earl of Hampshire, was a very different being from the George Nugent of those old days.

Chivalry and consideration seemed to have passed from him altogether; reverence and belief had vanished with them, and cynicism had come in their place—a hard, cold, calculating spirit that was not natural, but was born of the unutterable bitterness that filled his soul. It was Cynthia who had done all this, Cynthia who had worked such evil in a man's heart and blotted out, for a time at least, all the good qualities with which he had been so richly endowed. Her cruel selfishness had made him what he was to-day—a man who doubted everything and everybody, who laughed at his former goodness as foolishness, who wished good to no one, and determined to find nothing in life but self-gratification and amusement.

The extraordinary fatality that had placed him in his present position had given him intense satisfaction of a certain kind. The world that had treated him so hardly, helped him so grudgingly, in which he had slaved so unceasingly—this same world was now at his feet; he could kick it just as often as he liked. The woman who had destroyed him was lower even than the world; she had sold herself for gold and social distinction. Now he possessed both these, and, though his wealth was not so great as hers, his place was far higher. He felt a savage delight in remembering this, in picturing Cynthia's dismay and disappointment; he could find no pleasure to equal that which came to him when he thought of Cynthia's mortification and punishment. He longed with the passion of revenge to make her suffer, to make her experience the horrible pain she had caused him, to see her cold proud beauty wince before his triumph.

He despised her; he hated her now as once he had loved her. He told himself he should be happy only when he had looked her once again in the face and let her see the full strength and vigor of his hate and contempt. He knew these thoughts were unworthy of him, but he could not put them aside. He was conscious of the change that had taken place in him, and at times he had as great a contempt for himself as he had for her, yet he made no effort to recover himself. The shock had been so severe that he seemed to have slipped altogether from the old pathway which he had trodden so bravely, so honorably and hopefully. Had life continued hard and struggling, instead of being crowned with wealth and distinction, this evil would not have been so great, certainly not so lasting—perhaps it might never have been at all; but, with all necessity for labor gone, with his hopes destroyed and his dreams dispelled, it was so easy for him to grow into this state! He found himself always with a ready sneer on his lips; he set no value on those things that once had been almost holy in his eyes; he laughed incredulously at all his former cherished thoughts, ideas and hopes.

Jane, sitting by silent and deeply interested, could not help noting the hard and sneering manner with which most subjects were treated and dismissed by the young man. She was disappointed; and she saw by the look on her "Summer's" face that Lord Hampshire not only displeased Mrs. Winter, but shocked her too. Jane felt hurt, although she scarcely knew why. She noted that, though Lord John had installed himself on the young man's knee, he had not stayed there; and she felt sorry at this also, for she had great faith in her dog's sagacity.

Once, when Mrs. Winter was pursuing a particular topic most eagerly and Lord Hampshire was smiling in a faint half-sneering fashion, Jane fixed her eyes upon him questioningly. There was so much earnestness in this unconscious scrutiny that he felt its effect and looked back into her pure sweet eyes with a feeling of remorse and regret. He sprang to his feet quickly.

"Miss Ludlowe does not join in our discussion," he said lightly, "and I am afraid I am monopolizing all your attention, Mrs. Winter. I must be off. I am delighted to have met you; it is a pleasure I have desired very much. I wish I could persuade you to come and have some luncheon with me on the day after Christmas; it would be a real charity if you would. I should like to show Miss Ludlowe the doge' picture-gallery. It is quite a feature of Wyefeild."

"That sounds funny and interesting," said Jane, laughing in her easy girlish fashion.

Mrs. Winter however declined the invitation with a courteous excuse, but with a degree of coldness which the Earl could not fail to notice.

"Miss Ludlowe will most probably be returning home immediately after Christmas," she added, by way of explanation.

Jane was disappointed, and her face showed it. She put her little hand into his for one moment, and he clasped his fingers over it as though the contact gave him pleasure.

"I must hope for better luck another time," he said, liking very handsome with a smile on his clear-cut features; and then he shook hands with Mrs. Winter, and the next moment was gone, leaving a significant silence behind him.

Lord Hampshire walked swiftly through the village and laughed as he went, but his laughter was neither musical nor merry.

"I am well condemned there," he said to himself; "I could see the horror, the dread of me growing deeper at every moment. And a little while back I should have made my way straight to that woman's heart! It is amusing to see the change." He laughed again, but frowned also. "How pitiful I am become!" he thought. "After all, it is but a poor sort of amusement to take the sacred things of a woman's mind and tread them in the mud. There was a reproach in that child's face as she looked across at me with those big beautiful eyes of hers. She did not understand, but she was hurt all the same. She is a pretty child—lovable and graceful, young, pure ——" He broke off abruptly. "Bah—what maudlin nonsense! As if there were any purity or youth or grace or beauty to be found in woman! I ought to know something better than that!" He took a cigar from his case and bit the end off. "Henceforth I am labelled 'Dangerous' in Mrs. Winter's mind. How quickly she determined not to let me see too much of this girl!"

He had passed the village now, and was sauntering along the country road that led to Wyefeild, his lonely home, so cold and so desolate despite its noble outlines and its luxurious appointments.

"She distrusts me—I could read that plainly enough. Perhaps it is just as well; I am not exactly the sort of companion to do good to any one just now. This girl will turn to deceit and trickery and evil soon enough—for she is a woman, and therefore she cannot help herself; but I need not hasten that."

He walked on smoking for some distance without following any definite train of thought, although somehow the picture of Jane Ludlowe's delicate attractive face remained in the background of his mind. Gradually, too, other memories came to him—of that August day when he had stood beneath the tree and answered the call of her clear young voice ringing out like the note of a bird from the branches, of her courage when she was hurt, of all enthusiasm bestowed on her by his faithful old friend Ann, of the queer impulse that had led him to carry away with him that rough portrait of the girl and her two dogs, of the pleasure he had felt when he had caught sight of her at the station. The goodness in this girl, her innocence and purity, the nobility of her nature, were too clear, too strong to be denied. He knew this, but he chose to deny it nevertheless.

"She has the same trick as Cynthia," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Who would have dared to doubt my proud beautiful Cynthia? Who would have dared to call her a traitress? I am a fool! Cynthia has taught me the real value of a woman; I must not disgrace so clever a teacher."

A moment before he had felt a touch of his old gentle noble self; but now this was gone, and the burning resentment, the pain, the mortification were there in all their old bitterness. He laughed sneeringly at himself for that one moment's weakness.

"I have been deceived once," he said; "I will not be fooled a second time. Mrs. Winter might have spared herself the trouble of administering so strong a snub; her ewe-lamb is safe from me. I want nothing to do with her or a dozen Jane Ludlowes!"

He found himself repeating the last name over again unconsciously; it was the word that had carried the most cruel significance to him on that hot summer night in the crowded Opera-house. The repetition of it now brought that night once more before him in all its misery.

He came to a sudden stand-still. The dusk of the winter afternoon was closing in fast. It was a raw cheerless day, and the country around him spread bare and desolate on either side. Before him was the great house that was now his home. Her heart seemed to contract with a swift sharp pain. The bleak chill country, the winter atmosphere were not more desolate or sad than was his life now. He was the master of this land on which he stood—of the land that stretched for many miles around and beyond; he was young, and his place in the world was great, and still there was no joy for him in his grandeur, no happiness in his life. A mist of tears came over his eyes, a cry broke involuntarily from his lips.

"Oh, my love, if you had been true—if you had only been true—if I could have had my faith, my dreams, my hopes—how different it would have been! But you have ruined my life—you have taken everything! I shall never hope again; I shall never dream as I once dreamed; I shall never know now the meaning of faith and trust. You have spoiled them all—yes, all; for you were my truth, and you have proved yourself a lie!"

He brushed his eyes roughly with his hand and began walking on quickly.

"I would gladly face starvation, even death itself," he said, with passionate intensity, "if life could be again for me what it was before Cynthia ruined it! What faith has the future for me. I cannot get back the past—and it is only the past that could give me happiness."

He walked on very swiftly, for rain was now beginning to fall heavily. He flung away his cigar, turned up the collar of his coat, and plunged his hands into the depths of his pockets. The descent of the rain acted on him like a stimulant. He laughed again his hard curt laugh, and let cynicism spread its mantle once more over his heart. He paused for a moment as he neared the gates of Wyefeild, and stood looking back down the road he had traveled.

"I am wrong," he said deliberately—"quite wrong. The past is not the only thing that is desirable, there is always one future left to me—the future of revenge!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ingenious Shoplifter.—A gentleman dressed in a loose coat entered a ladies' outfitting establishment in Paris, at a time when the proprietor was alone in the shop. The gentleman asked to be shown some ready-made ladies' cloaks, as he wished to give his wife a little surprise. After a careful inspection, he fixed upon one, and asked the salesman—

"Have you not a young lady at hand to put on the cloak to see how it looks?"

The proprietor regretted that none of the ladies of the establishment were in at that moment.

"Well, perhaps you wouldn't object to putting it on yourself?"

The unsuspecting shopkeeper slipped on the cloak, buttoned it, and turned round in all directions.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the purchaser, with seeming ecstasy, but at the same moment he made a grab at the till, which he thrust under his coat, and bolted out of the shop.

The horrified proprietor rushed after him into the street, where, however, he was seized by the passers-by, who dragged him back to the shop in the supposition that the poor fellow had gone mad, and before he could explain matters the rogue had disappeared.

Bric-a-Brac.

The Longest Canal.—The Imperial Canal, of China, is the longest in the world, and the greatest in point of traffic. Its length is about 1,000 miles, and it connects forty-one cities situated on its banks. It was completed in 1350, after six-hundred years had been devoted to its construction.

The Kiss.—In England, down to the reign of Charles the Second, or a little later, the kiss was the common greeting to friends and strangers alike, and shaking hands was a mark of close intimacy or high favor. In the diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, her ladyship thinks the fact of her shaking hands with any one worth noting.

A Strange Flower.—It is said that one of the strangest botanical curiosities in the world is the "Wonder-Wonder" flower found in the Malay Peninsula. It is simply a blossom, without leaves, vine, or stem, and grows as a parasite on decayed wood. This extraordinary flower is something like a yard in diameter, and has a globular cup in the middle with a capacity of five or six quarts.

How They Multiply.—Germs of contagious diseases are capable of multiplying themselves with marvellous rapidity. A single germ, when placed in surroundings favorable to its growth, quickly divides into two. Each of these then divides itself again, and so on, the number very soon reaching into thousands. It has been estimated that by the end of twenty-four hours one single germ will have multiplied itself into more than 16,500,000 germs.

Water.—"The best water I ever drank," writes a correspondent, "was at Malta, where it is collected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned, preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks, the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house an about twelve feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted."

Cannibalism of To-Day.—The Belgian explorer, M. de Meuse, who has recently returned from a tour of three and a half years in the interior of Africa, says that all through the upper Congo region the most terrible cannibalism is still common and customary. In every village human beings, both men and women, were exposed for sale in the purpose of being killed and eaten. The individuals, who were slaves, appeared indifferent as to their fate. This practice prevailed in every village, and "tom-toms" were sounded to tell people of an approaching slaughter.

An Angling Competition.—One of the most curious spectacles in the British Isles is the annual fishing competition on the Avon. The start at the last competition was by pistol-fire, and at the discharge, the anglers of the Avon, numbering 650, having all drawn for places, cast 650 leaded lines, bearing an equal number of gentles or brandling worms, into the classic waters of the river. The sun was bright, the waters low, the weeds many, the fish indifferent, but the 650 fished bravely on for three hours, and, at the end of the day, the basket of a Mr. Horne was weighed out, as winner, with 7 lbs. 6¼ oz. of fish. A Mr. Paget ran him a close second, more by luck than judgment: he had caught only two fish, but one of them was a bream that kicked the beam at 6 lbs. ½ oz.

Origin of a French War.—In the anecdotes of fashion it is recorded, that when Louis VII., in obedience to the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich province of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred had Louis VII., not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of spirited and vindictive Queen Eleanor.

Peacocks.—If you wish to take the conceit out of a peacock pull out his tail feathers, and as soon as he finds the glory of his plumage gone he becomes the humblest, most subdued and ashamed-looking bird that ever walked the earth. A peacock in full feather is so vain and conceited as sometimes to be really troublesome. Not satisfied with squalling at the top of his discordant voice, and with parading himself through the yard and up and down the walks with expanded plumage, he will attack cats, dogs, and even children, and has been known to seriously injure small boys or girls that were incautious enough to venture within his reach. Plucking his tail feathers, however, causes all his courage to evaporate. He will sneak around the yard like a whipped spaniel, will keep out of sight as much as possible, and you will hear nothing of him, and see very little, until his plumage has again grown.

FOR ME.

BY W. W. L.

Go, when the evening shadows fall
  Down the old winding lane,
And 'neath the locusts by the gate,
  List to the wind's refrain.

Stand there in evening's quiet gloom,
  And let the past come back to thee;
And as adown the west you look,
  Give tenderest thought to me.

Then wander down the fragrant path,
  And up the hill to our old tree;
And 'mid memories holy there,
  Be glad, and think of me.

Then, sweet, go back to the old house,
  And softly enter that one room,
That chamber once love's fond retreat,
  And pray for me amid its gloom.

A Dark Design.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED.)

HAVING rejoined Fosdyke, the two held a brief consultation, as a result of which, it was decided that they should at once retrace their way to the inn at Barnsdale, that a fresh horse should be obtained, and that Tony should drive them back to Elderbank, taking with him a note written by Basil informing Dr. Penrose—who, he calculated would be sure to reach Trewella by the last train—of what he had thus far discovered; to wit, that Major Sulgrave was quartered at the Tower, and, further, that it was the writer's intention to seek an interview with him at an early hour on the morrow.

This note, he did not doubt, would bring the doctor back with Tony without an hour's delay.

Thus reinforced, they ought to be able, Penrose, Fosdyke, and himself, to force Sulgrave into a corner, from which his only chance of escape would be by revealing what had become of Eveline.

They had proof positive that she had gone away with him in the yawl on Monday, and should he now refuse to disclose her whereabouts, it seemed Basil that their next step ought to be to lay an information before the nearest magistrate and obtain a search warrant, which Fosdyke, as a police official, would be able to carry into effect there and then.

Such was the plan now agreed between the two men, and one which they would doubtless have proceed to put into operation, had not something happened at this juncture which, in the result, served to upset all their proposed arrangements and led up to a denouement of the strangest and most unexpected kind.

It was Tony who, by nudging the superintendent, first drew attention to what at once concentrated on itself the eyes of all three.

What they saw was a speck of yellow light some distance away from where they were standing, which, after moving in a strangely irregular up-and-down fashion across a small space of darkness, presently came to a point where it remained stationary. The night was still and windless, and the light, whether that of a candle or a lamp, seemed to burn without the faintest flicker.

Fosdyke's detective instincts at once came into play. After a whisper to the others, he stole quietly forward, keeping carefully to the grass-grown borders of the narrow country road. A few seconds later Basil and Tony followed in his footsteps.

The sight they came upon was in no wise a startling one. Indeed, it could hardly have been termed other than commonplace had not the spot been such as it was and the hour so close on midnight, which, taken together, lent the scene a certain element of weirdness.

What they beheld was a deformed man—one of his legs was shorter than the other, and a crutch rested against the wall close by—who was gathering together a bundle of firewood under a small wooden shed or lean-to, the tin oil-lamp he had brought with him meanwhile resting on a bench close by and serving to bring the man's features into prominent relief. He was, in fact, none other than Barney Groome, the custodian of the church of St. Ninian, or of what was left of it, and of the vaults below.

"I seem to know that man's face," whispered Basil to Fosdyke, although unable for the moment to call to mind where he had seen it before.

All unwitting that three pairs of eyes were watching him, Barney Groome presently knotted the cord round his bundle of wood, and taking it and the lamp in one hand, and possessing himself of his crutch with the other, turned to go back to his cottage. Meanwhile Fosdyke had whispered to Basil:

"If you know him, why not speak to him? He may be able to tell us something that will prove of use to us."

Accordingly Basil stepped a few paces forward and gave a preliminary cough, which so startled Barney that he dropped his bundle of wood, and very nearly his lamp into the bargain.

"Heaven bless us! who's there?" he exclaimed in a quavering voice.

Then Basil went closer, till the light from the lamp shone full on him.

"If I mistake not, you and I have met before," he said. "Were you not in the Grimthorpe railway accident.

Barney peered up into the other's face.

"Ah, now, sir, I recognise you," he said. "You are the gent that worked so hard to rescue me and others from the wreck of the train. It was you that brought me round with brandy from your own flask when I fainted; and it was you that sent me this beautiful new crutch all the way from London, my other one having been smashed in the accident. (It was a mercy I wasn't smashed at the same time!) I've not forgotten your kindness, sir—no, nor ever shall forget it. But what brings you to a place like this, and at this time o' night, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"I am here to call upon Major Sulgrave, but I find he's gone out for a night's fishing."

"To call upon the Major?" said Barney in a dubious tone; "he's a queer customer to have aught to do with, is the Major."

"I understand his present visit to the Tower has lasted for some time. Can you tell me how long it is since you first set eyes on him?"

"Close on a fortnight ago."

"I suppose he goes out fishing a good deal?"

"Oh, yes; he, and Amos Gribble, and the lad Joe set off most afternoons when the weather's at all likely, and as often as not don't get back till early morning."

"I suppose you can't tell me for certain whether or no the Major has a young lady staying with him at the Tower?" Basil's heart beat faster than usual as he put the question.

"What I can tell you as a fact, that in the dusk of evening on Monday last, a female—but whether young or old it was too dark for me to see—came ashore from the yawl, and walked with the Major up to the Gribbles' house."

"Yes—yes—and have you seen her since? Is she there now?"

"That was the first and last glimpse I had of her. I have seen no signs of her since."

"But might she not have been shut up in the Tower all this time without your being a bit the wiser?"

"If it comes to that, there might be half-a-dozen folk shut up in the Tower without my knowing aught about it."

Basil turned away. The information imparted by Groome was of the utmost importance. It brought home Eveline's abduction to Sulgrave even more irrefutably than before.

Surely no magistrate would refuse to issue a search warrant in the face of such evidence as Dr. Penrose would now be in a position to lay before him! Tony must start for Trewella with the least possible delay.

All this passed through his mind in the course of a few seconds. Without being aware of it, he had turned, and was walking by Barney's side in the direction of the cottage, when an exclamation from his companion recalled him to time and place with a start.

"Great mercy!" exclaimed the cripple, coming to sudden halt and pointing with his crutch. "Whatever's amiss at the Tower? Look!—look! Why, I do believe it's on fire."

At this juncture Fosdyke and Tony emerged from the background into the circle of light which radiated from Barney's lamp. The cripple accepted them without question as being companions of Gilmour.

For a space of several seconds they stood staring at the Tower like men suddenly turned to stone. The narrow windows of the ground floor room, unlike those of the upper stories, were unglazed. One of them now shone out with a dusky red glare, and it was the sight of this which had caused Barney to sound the note of alarm; while from the other, even as they were looking on, dimly discernible by the starlight, unfurled a pennon of dense white smoke.

Basil's first attempt to speak resulted in a choking sob. Then setting his teeth hard and clenching his hands, he drew a deep breath.

"Follow me!" he exclaimed hoarsely, an instant later, and with that he darted away from the others like an arrow from a bow.

In no time, as it seemed to those left behind, they heard him knocking furiously at the farmhouse door, and calling aloud:

"Fire! fire! Help! help!"

Then a light became visible in one of the windows, and just as Fosdyke and Tony reached the door, it was opened from within and the white faces of two women, each had thrown a shawl hurriedly over her shoulders, and one of whom carried a lighted candle, gave back stare for stare to the faces outside.

"Fire! Who called out fire?" demanded one of them fiercely of Basil. "What do you mean by frightening folk in this way?"

It was the same woman with whom he had spoken before.

"It's the Tower that's on fire—the Tower!" he cried, with a stamp of his foot. "And if——"

"The Tower!" broke from both the women.

It was more a scream of terror than an exclamation.

"Yes, Mrs. Gribble, that is so. The bottom room is all in flames."

It was Barney who now spoke. He had come limping up at his best pace after the others.

"Oh Heaven! and she locked up in there!" burst out Mrs. Gribble.

She had been white before, but her lips turned blue and her eyes seemed as if they would start from her head.

"Locked up in the Tower!" burst from Basil, and for an instant he reeled against Fosdyke's burly form. His worst fears had come true. "The key, woman—the key this instant?" he cried. Then to himself, "Oh, my darling, my darling, pray Heaven it may not be too late!"

"The key," whimpered the woman, who now broke down utterly. "There is only one key, and the Major has it with him in the yawl."

It was as if a blow from an unseen power had smitten the three men. A groan broke from Basil; the others stood in a silence that seemed breathless while it lasted. Fosdyke was the first to break it.

"Then, in Heaven's name!" he exclaimed, "give us something with which we can break in the door of the Tower!"

The words roused Basil; he drew in his breath; his energy came back to him with a rush.

The door-chain had hitherto kept the outsiders at bay. The serving woman now undid it and she and her mistress fell back before Basil and the superintendent.

A couple of minutes sufficed to ransack the house. Nothing could they find that would help their purpose save an old-fashioned kitchen poker and a large hammer. Fosdyke shook his head, but only to brighten up a few moments later.

In a shed at the back of the house he came across a stout piece of timber which had evidently been put there to be sawn up for firewood. Calling to Tony and pointing to the log, he and the "natural" hoisted it on their shoulders and started at a run for the Tower, only to find that Basil had reached there before them.

From the moment of Barney's discovery of the fire till their arrival at the Tower but a very few minutes had elapsed. But short as the time had been, it had sufficed to give the fire a still firmer hold. From each of the ground floor windows either quivering tongues of flame, or dense puffs of smoke were now issuing. During the last quarter of an hour a light wind had begun to blow from the sea which carried the smoke inland. The whole of the windows in the upper stories still stared out blankly; not a gleam of light was visible in any of them.

Could it be that Evie had retired for the night, Basil asked himself, and that even the fire had failed to arouse her? Or was it not more likely that she had been overcome by the smoke, which would not fail to ascend and fill the upper floors?

Three times he made the circuit of the Tower, calling aloud at intervals with all the strength of his lungs, "Evie—Evie, where are you?" but the silence and darkness remained unbroken. Even if he could have reached to one or other of the upper windows by means of a ladder, of what avail would that have been? No human being bigger than a child of five could have forced its way through the narrow aperture. With a spasm of despair gnawing at his heart he went back to Fosdyke.

The superintendent and Tony were already at work, using a piece of timber as a ram with which to batter down the door. To their forces Basil now joined his; nothing else was left him to do; and, presently the heavy door fell inward with a crash. Basil's first impulse was to rush into the beach, as it were, to make a dash through the smoke and flames for the staircase which led to the next floor; but Fosdyke's firm grip on his collar was just in time to hold him back.

"You shall not go, Mr. Gilmour—you shall not!" he exclaimed. "It would be madness—death. You can see for yourself that the place is a regular furnace; you would never come out of it alive. And as for reaching the staircase, you may depend on it there's not as much of it left by this time as would serve to kindle a kitchen fire with."

Basil sank on his knees and buried his face in his hands. There seemed no help anywhere—none!

But he was mistaken, as poor mortals so often are, even in the hour of our darkest extremity.

At this moment Barney Groome came limping up at a tremendous rate. He had lingered behind for the sake of a few elucidatory words from Mrs. Gribble. He now laid a nervous hand on Basil's shoulder.

"Get up, sir, get up; there's not a moment to lose," he cried. He was trembling with excitement. "If I had but known, ay, a quarter of an hour ago what I know now! But please Heaven, we may yet be in time."

By this time Basil was on his feet confronting him. His half-maddened eyes asked the question his lips were powerless to frame.

"There's no time now for explanations," said Barney in reply to the mute appeal. "Every moment's precious. Follow me and trust me when I tell you that I know what I'm about."

He spoke with a quick nervous energy which seemed to transform him into another man.

It was astonishing with what celerity he could get over the ground when he was so minded. He now made direct for his own cottage, followed closely by Basil and Fosdyk. By the latter's directions Tony stayed behind at the Tower.

"Light the candles in these," said Barney to Fosdyke, pointing to a couple of lanterns on a shelf in his tiny kitchen. Then he himself disappeared, to return half a minute later, carrying a steel ring on which were strung a number of quaint keys of various shapes and sizes. Giving a lantern to each of the men, Barney, without a word, beckoned them to follow him, and so, after traversing a space of a couple of hundred yards, brought them to the ruins of the little church of St. Ninian and to a flight of moss-grown steps, some six or eight in number, as their lanterns revealed to them, abutting on the outer wall of the chancel. Down the steps went Barney, crutch and all. At the bottom he paused for a moment to select a certain key from his bunch, and having found it, proceeded therewith to open a low heavy-browed, nail-studded door. "If you please, gentlemen," he said to the others with a wave of his hand, who thereupon followed him down the steps.

"We are now in the family vault of the Bolderos. More than a score of 'em sleep here here under my charge. From this place a secret underground passage leads direct to the Tower, the existence of which is known only to old Miss Boldero and myself. It is said to have originated in the troubled days long ago, when first those who were for one side and then, maybe, a few years later, those who were for the other, had in turn to hide and make themselves scarce. But this is no time for talk. Gentlemen, you are stronger than I. Will you please put down your lanterns and remove this coffin to yonder vacant slab. It is that of Captain Geoffrey Boldero, the last comer here. A good man and true, if ever there was one! Thank you. Now you will find, on trying, that this slab can be lifted out of its sockets. That will do famously."

All this had taken up far less time than the reader might imagine.

The walls of the vault had at one time been whitewashed, but were now dingy with age and damp. To ordinary view there was nothing to distinguish the space, now rendered vacant by the removal of the slab, from any other part of the vault, but Barney soon proved that there was a difference, and a very remarkable one. Hidden by the thickness of the slab when in its place, was what by that dim light looked like a patch of mildew, but which was now shown to be a key-hole. Not a

moment was lost in fitting it with its proper key, and a few seconds later a heavy iron door, painted to resemble the rest of the vault, yielding to Barney's pressure, swung sullenly back with a dull creaking sound on its rusty hinges, disclosing, as it did so, a narrow opening about six feet in height.

Taking up one of the lanterns, Barney motioned to Gilmour to take the other. "You, sir, will be right if you follow close on the heels of this gentleman," he said to Fosdyke.

Then, Barney as leader, they entered the opening in single file. Presently it broadened out a little, but nowhere was there room for two people to walk abreast. It was a work which must have cost both money and pains, and was as perfect today as when first completed. Its atmosphere was cool and slightly musty, but not otherwise unpleasant. At first the floor dipped somewhat till it reached a lower level, at which it kept till finally, the passage was blocked abruptly by a steep flight of stone steps. Not a word had been spoken by any one, but now Barney, half turning, said, "Here we are, at the foot of the Tower. The door at the top of these steps opens on a hidden staircase built in the thickness of the wall."

Without more ado he hobbled up the steps, and with another key, selected from his bunch, opened the door at the head of them, and then by the light of the lanterns, Gilmour and Fosdyke saw before and above them the staircase of which Barney had spoken. I wound spirally round the Tower; and, still following Barney's lead, they began to climb it in the same silence as before.

Presently the third and last door was reached. Again Barney spoke. "This will admit us into the upmost room of the Tower, the one just under the leads. Here, if anywhere, the young lady should be found."

He was unlocking the door as he spoke. When opened, it disclosed to the straining eyes of the others what looked more like an old-fashioned clothes closet lined with dark wood than anything else. But the next moment Barney took two steps forward and pressed heavily with his thumb on a small metal knob. As he did so a large oaken panel fell noiselessly back as if withdrawn by an invisible hand and before them stood revealed the upper room of the Tower.

With a low sharp cry, Basil pushed past Barney and was first in the room. Setting down his lantern on the floor, he gazed around. The place was full of smoke, but not to any suffocating extent. The door which gave admission from the lower room was shut, and only through the narrow opening below it had the smoke been able slowly to penetrate. The furniture comprised a small round table, a couple of ordinary chairs, a cushioned easy-chair, and, in one corner, a couch. On that couch Eveline Sulgrave lay stretched, her cheek resting on the palm of one hand to all appearance in a deep sleep.

Basil's eyes leapt to her in a moment; the next he was on one knee beside her. How he put his arms round her, how he pressed his lip to hers, all unheeding that he was not alone, and with what endearing terms he sought to rouse her, space is not ours to tell. It is enough to say that after a little while her eyes suddenly opened to their fullest extent. There was an instant's stare of wonder, then into them there stole a look of sweetest recognition.

"You—Basil!" she murmured, while her arm tightened round his neck. "I have been dreaming about you, dear." But even as the words left her lips her head sank backward and with a faint sigh she lapsed into unconsciousness.

"The smoke has been too much for her. We must get her into the fresh air as quickly as possible." So spake Barney.

A quarter of an hour later she was safe under the roof of the farmhouse. But it was not the smoke that had overcome her; there could be little doubt that her coffee had been drugged, and by Sulgrave himself. Later on, the serving-woman admitted having seen him pour something into the cup out of a phial, when he evidently thought himself unobserved.

Long before morning nothing of St. Ninian's Tower was left, save its bare calcined walls.

The yawl came in at daybreak, not with a haul of fish on board, but with a raging madman, bound with ropes to the thwarts of the boat. What Dr. Penrose had for some time foreseen had at length come to pass. The bulwarks of reason, which had long been tottering, had at last given way, and the maniac had leapt forth. Ever since Sulgrave's arrival at the Tower the Gribbles had noticed a certain strangeness both in his speech and manner, for which they were at a loss to account; still, no suspicion of the truth had ever entered their minds. On the Thursday evening the three men had gone out in the yawl as usual, but in the middle of the night, after the net had been cast, and while father and son were quietly smoking, waiting till it was time to haul it in, the elder man had been suddenly attacked by Sulgrave with a sheath knife, which he had hidden somewhere about his person. But for the younger man's alertness, there was no doubt that Gribble would have been stabbed fatally. A blow of the younger man's huge fist felled Sulgrave senseless to the bottom of the boat. When he came to himself, if such a phrase may be applied to him, it was as a raving lunatic. In less than a year he died in an asylum without having ever regained his reason.

The orgin of the fire remained a mystery. The Gribbles were utterly unable to account for it. But in everything's mind there lurked a dark suspicion that, taking into account the state of Sulgrave's mind, and the fact that he had drugged Eveline's coffee, as also that he took the key of the Tower with him in the yawl, he and he alone was responsible for it. But of a man so stricken what could be said? They all felt that it was best to say nothing.

It was by means of a fictitious message from her uncle that Sulgrave had induced Evie to accompany him in the yawl.

What he told her was, that Dr. Penrose, on his way from London to Trewella, had gone round by a certain town about a score of miles off, in order to call upon an old friend from he had not seen for several years, and that, while out driving, he had been thrown, and had broken his arm. He—the man then addressing her—had been sent by her uncle to fetch her, in order that she might nurse him. He had been fortunate in finding her without having had to go as far as Trewella. No doubt she would return with him there and then, and he would send one of his men to Elderbank to inform Miss Penrose of all that had happened.

Seeing the girl's hesitation, he produced a scrap of paper on which were scrawled a few words, purporting to have been written with the doctor's left hand. "Dear Eveline, I have met with a bad accident. Come to me at once.—Your uncle."

Then Evie hesitated no longer. Not till it was too late did she pause to ask herself how it happened that the smooth-spoken gentleman with the gold-laced cap seemed to know so well who she was, while to her he was an utter stranger. Of what befell her afterwards it is enough to say that beyond being confined to the two rooms in the Tower, she had nothing much to complain of. The serving-woman took her meals, and waited on her after her rough country fashion, but was wholly impervious to each and every question on Evie's part.

Of the means adopted by Sulgrave to discover the place where Penrose had bestowed Eveline, no information was ever forthcoming. The probability is that he set private detectives to watch the doctor's comings and goings, as the latter as that time was frequently at Hampstead, besides taking Eveline more than once with him to the lawyer's, there would be little difficulty in tracing the girl to her temporary abode in the London suburb, and thence to Trewella, when the time came for her and Miss Penrose to go back home.

And now but little more remains to be told.

There was no one to oppose the coming of Miss Sulgrave into the property which had de facto been hers all along, and equally there was no one to oppose her marrying the man of her choice, whom Dr. Penrose had no longer any occasion to stigmatise as a fortune-hunter.

To Eveline the doctor and Miss Penrose will remain her uncle and aunt to the end of their days.

As the doctor had predicted, the marriage of Guy Sulgrave with the Lady Mary Langmere never came to pass. Guy, who had never been obstinate with the young lady, took the matter very philosophically. A little later he went out to one of the Western States of America, where he became the owner of a large cattle ranch, the purchase money for which was found him by his cousin Eveline.

Although Gilmour had married a rich wife, he was too much in love with his profession to give up: in point of fact, he continued to work as hard at it as ever he had done. He took Tony Scarbin into his studio, where he made himself useful in a score of different ways. Tony used to sketch to the life nearly everybody who called on his master, but there his artistic faculty began and ended. We may be sure that Barney Groome was not forgotten by either Gilmour or his wife.

[THE END.]

BUILDING BIRDS.

ONE can have no better proof of the confidence displayed by birds than the many instances in which these supposed wary creatures have chosen as sites for their nests some out-of-the-way nooks in the homes of their reputed enemy—man.

A few seasons ago a pair of redbreasts built their nest in a convenient crevice on the top of an old-fashioned four-post bedstead. The bed was occupied by an invalid lady, and the servants and members of the household were constantly passing in and out of the room. She requested that the birds were not to be disturbed, as the little domestic drama interested her greatly, though the maid would have much liked to destroy the nest, as the robins brought in much dirt in the shape of leaves and building material.

Once built the annoyance ceased, and even the servants exhibited interest in the sight of the trusting little mother seated on her eggs in her unique nesting-place. The male bird did not often venture within the room, but used to sing sweetly to his mate from an elder that grew close to the window.

They obtained admission by a small pane in the lattice that was usually left unclosed. In less than three weeks the young birds were ready for departure, having been taught their early lessons of aerial navigation by the parent birds, who encouraged them to hop along the rail of the bed, and take short flights from one piece of furniture to another. Eventually they escaped through the open window, lingering for some weeks about the garden before finally departing.

Of all birds none are more erratic than the robins in their selection of a nesting-place. Whole volumes could be written of their whimsicalities. A robin's nest has been found in an old shoe in a lumber-room, a sort of attic in which children were accustomed to romp on wet days, and but for the meddling of the noisy rollickers she would have succeeded in rearing her brood successfully. Here, again, a means of exit and entrance was afforded them by an unfastened window-pane.

Last summer an eave-swallow endeavored to build its mud-walled edifice against a rafter in a cottage, but the surely occupant—an old man of miserly habits—destroyed the work repeatedly, and, discouraged, the little bird erected her home in the upper corner of the window outside.

No less than twenty martins' nests were counted upon the inside walls of a washhouse that adjoined the kitchen of a quaint north-country farmhouse. The door of this outhouse was closed and bolted nightly, and the little householders were obliged to await the opening of it with what patience they could, but as the maids were moving at early hours through the summer, the birds were not unnecessarily late out to forage.

A flycatcher, of the ordinary spotted family, evidently desired a comfortable and weather-defying habitation for its future progeny, and selected a little shelf, which was placed immediately above the window-frame in an old-fashioned country house, as its situation. The shelf was used as a convenient ledge for a number of trailing and climbing plants, and amongst these, with an old flower-pot as a support, was built the nest abode of the confiding creature.

The energetic little pair succeeded in rearing their young successfully, but so quiet were they about their domestic labors that the nest was not discovered until the eggs were almost ready for hatching. This may not be considered very uncommon, as an old lady was the only occupant of the cottage, and birds were regularly hopping in and out of the door, knowing that their gentle hostess would not harm them, so that the flycatchers, flitting about on parental duties, were not suspected of having taken apartments under the friendly roof.

Another instance worthy of record is that of the tiny wrens who pitched on the space between the wall and a hanging picture for their domicile. The wee architects brought in great quantities of dried leaves, bents, mosses, and feathers, and busied themselves for the greater part of three weeks in its erection, passing in and out at an opening in the fan-light, the house being one of quaint design—a big, rambling habitation, such as one comes across in the remote corners of our rural districts.

When complete the structure was one of remarkable beauty, and being suffered to remain, the mother therein deposited fourteen wee white eggs, spotted prettily with light red; thirteen of which she hatched, and twelve baby wrens flew away some weeks after, full-fledged, from the old kitchen, the remaining one succumbing through an accident incurred by falling out of the nest on the stone floor below.

What think you of a pair of ox-eye tits building in the pocket of a discarded coat that hung from a peg in a lobby? This incident may claim a place amongst our indoor builders, for though the passage was in a back part of the old country house where it was situated, the servants were frequently passing about, and a lad was in the habit of cleaning boots there, not five yards distant from the coat and its occupants. Strange to relate the nest was not discovered until the young were almost full-fledged, their constant chirping then betraying the situation. The birds passed in and out through an iron railing in the upper panel of the door, and did so quite fearlessly after the discovery of their treasures. Two of the birds were taken by the lad, the remaining four being allowed to depart unmolested.

The succeeding spring another nest was built in the lobby, this time the fanciful builder being a hedge sparrow, and the site chosen an old can suspended on a hook in the wall near the door. Four eggs were deposited, but the timid creature was too afraid to proceed with the duties of incubation, and left her treasures for more ordinary surroundings.

A pair of whitethroats of a not conventional turn selected the cornice of a window as a suitable ledge for the support of their lightly-built domicile, and endeavored to weave the lacy material of the curtains into its structure, with only partial success. The nest was taken down and the window kept closed for some days, but once again the intruders attempted to set up house-keeping beneath the roof of man, this time so damaging the curtains that the window was permanently fastened to prevent further intrusion.

In an old house, built on the banks of a river, was a sort of disused kitchen, the door to which was always ajar, it being impossible to close it owing to its rusty and gaping hinges. Numbers of water wagtails were in the habit of walking about the floor, and a pair of these two summers ago pitched their nest within the space between the door and the hinges, and five wagtails opened their eyes in this strange situation.

A waterhen is a rather unusual inside builder, but the kitchen in question was once inhabited by a family of these birds, the nest being placed under a stone shelf in a secluded corner. The young birds almost immediately discarded the nest after leaving the shell, and were conducted to the water by the mother bird.

Many instances have been recorded of birds building in verandahs and over the doors of houses, so close in fact they were as continually disturbed by people as if they ventured inside.

A BEGGING IMPOSTER.—A beggar accosted a gentleman, and whined, "I'm paralysed in both me 'ands, mister, an' can't work, for I can't grasp anything with 'em. Could you spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman; "you had better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e?" thought the beggar; "then he didn't hear the paralysis."

So he wrote down—

"I've got a wife and and six children starving at 'ome, mister. I've been out o' work for six months, an' I am in a dreffal state of destertushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it, and said—

"I thought you said you were paralysed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything, and yet you can write."

"Did—didn't yer say yer was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralysed.

"Yes, just to find out if you were an imposter, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the blossom' frauds, yer the biggest!" exclaimed the beggar; "the hides of yer sayin' yer was deaf an' tryin' to impoge on a poo feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.

WANTED.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes; the club with which an idea struck the post; a stick to measure narrow escapes; the identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold; an umbrella used in the reign of tyrants; a knot from the board a man paid thirty shillings a week for.

LIFE.

BY T. F. R.

Close by the murmuring streamlet's flow,
The wild flowers bloom all summer long,
Unconscious of the tears and woe
That seem the lot of human throng,
So calmly fair.
Oh, for such sinless peace,
Lulled by the wood-brook's flow,
Such beautiful release
From all the ills we know!

But life is not a wild flower's bloom,
Nor yet the sinlessness of sleep;
The duties of the present loom
Resistlessly, with import deep,
So real is life.
Yet through the storm and stress,
Something of wild flower calm,
Something of sleep to bless,
Something of music's balm!

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE long it was evident that Doctor Macmillan's misgivings had not been without foundation. The weather was intensely hot—there had not been so sultry a season for many a year—and in the little low-lying country town the atmosphere seemed stifling.

All those who could afford it hurried their families off to the sea-side; but these were but few, the greater number of the inhabitants being obliged to remain at home. Business must be attended to, notwithstanding the sultry heat, the want of air, and the sickly oppression which pervaded the atmosphere.

As the days went by, the illness, which at first had been trifling, increased to a most serious extent. Owing to a long-continued drought, the water supply had been deficient, and the inhabitants in the lower part of the little town had had recourse to a well which, unknown to the sanitary authorities, had been affected by noxious gases from the drains in the locality, and was in fact poisonous.

The water itself was however exquisitely clear and sparkling; and it was difficult, almost impossible, for Dr. Macmillan to persuade the poor people of the risk they incurred in drinking it. They poohpoohed his orders about boiling it before use. It was not the water which brought illness, they declared: it was the terribly hot weather. Thus the fever grew, until by the early part of July it had become a very pestilence.

The visitation took the form to a great extent of typhoid, and it attacked the delicate and the healthy, the young and the old, with entire impartiality. Doctor Macmillan, who, with his assistant, was the only medical men in Treverton, found himself entirely unequal to the crisis. He was a clever and skilful practitioner, but he was a weak man, unable to rise to the occasion, and lacking in confidence in himself.

His own personal anxiety was great, as his young wife had lately given birth to a son, and she was extremely delicate and the infant sickly. She was quite unequal to the fatigue of a removal, and the Doctor was obliged to disguise from her the state of affairs, lest her anxiety for him should still further retard her recovery.

The fever had got so strong a hold now that it was difficult to fight against it. The towns-folk did what they could, but the few gentle people resident in Treverton were away from home, and the trades people were oppressed with the sense of responsibility, and had moreover their own troubles to attend to.

The Rector slipped manfully into the breach, organized a committee, and telegraphed to London for nurses and medical assistance; but, until this was forthcoming, and necessary arrangements for isolation and disinfection could be carried out, the illness spread and still further spread, like the ripples caused by a stone cast into a quiet lake.

There had been some surprise and not a little annoyance among the members of the Rector's Relief Committee, and perhaps a trifle of consternation to the Rector himself, when Doctor Gordon came quietly into the room where they were assembled and offered his assistance and such advice as a man who at one time, as he said gravely, had been in the medical profession could give.

Doctor Macmillan, harassed as he was, looked rather contemptuously at his colleague who offered himself so quietly; but Mr. Venn, after a momentary hesitation and a long keen look at the grave sad face of the once distinguished physician, cordially and gratefully accepted the offer, while the young doctor from the London hospital, who had been sent down to Doctor Macmillan's assistance, stared open-mouthed at the man whose name had once been a household word in medical circles, and whose works were still so largely read by medical students.

If the members of the Relief Committee were at first inclined to look with distrust and contempt upon the man whom more than one of them had seen the worse for drink, before half an hour had elapsed they were listening with respect to his suggestions, and silently acknowledging to each other that he knew what he was talking about.

There was none of Doctor Macmillan's vacillating hesitation in his manner; he spoke with authority and convincing eloquence. In a few words he had put the matter clearly before them, and suggested remedial steps which must instantly be taken.

The Rector heaved a sigh of intense relief as he listened; now at last something really efficacious would be done for his poor people. Doctor Macmillan's haggard face brightened, and he felt as if a heavy load had been taken from his shoulders.

When Doctor Gordon sat down, all felt that now there was some chance for the fever-stricken little town; and the Rector's proposal to accept and follow his recommendations was warmly and gratefully seconded by Doctor Macmillan, and carried unanimously. Doctor Gordon rose again for a moment, his eyes turned frankly upon the faces which looked at him so admiringly and gratefully.

"Thank you," he observed quietly. "I feel that I have not deserved your trust. I am grateful for it, and will endeavor to show you that it is not misplaced."

That was all; but the words meant a great deal, and the Rector wished Miss Gordon could have seen her father's face as he uttered them.

The schools had been closed after the first outbreak of illness; but it had not occurred to Doctor Macmillan what an admirable hospital for the sick children could be made there until Doctor Gordon suggested it. Then it transpired that the latter and his daughter had already discussed the plan, and an abstract of the proposed arrangements was submitted to the committee.

Phil offered herself as a nurse, thinking the children would prefer her to a stranger, while there were ample accommodation in the schoolroom for a large number of the poor little invalids, whose chances of recovery in their own infected homes in the low-lying portion of the town were almost at zero. When the meeting closed, the Rector and Doctor Gordon hurried away to carry these plans into effect.

"Lady Marcia, from whom I heard this morning, has sent me a very handsome cheque," the Rector said as they climbed the hill. "The Squire is in Norway; he is out of health, she says, and she does not want him to know of this wretched state of affairs. She herself is remaining in London, busy with preparations for the marriage, which is to take place in September."

"If he is out of health he had better keep away from this," Gordon answered grimly. "One's only chance of escape is to keep as strong and well as one can, and never to go into infection over-tired or with an empty stomach. People will not be careful, although I suppose they cannot be expected to be cool and cautious when those they love are in great peril."

"Are you wise to risk your daughter?" Mr. Venn asked in a troubled tone. "She looks so frail."

His companion smiled sadly.

"She has run every possible risk already," Doctor Gordon replied. "Ever since the schools were closed she has been in and out of the houses doing what she could, sitting up at night, cooking—anything. I think she seems all the better for it, poor child! Rector"—he paused midway up the ascent and looked earnestly at his companion—"did it ever occur to you that Phil cared for that young man at the Hall?"

"It occurred to me that he cared for her," the clergyman answered, with a smile which was sad enough. "She refused him however when he asked her to be his wife."

"She refused him?"

"Yes—he told me so himself."

Doctor Gordon stood motionless for a minute or two, then he sighed heavily and resumed his walk. He was thinking of an incident of the previous evening, of a word or two which his daughter had murmured in a sleep into which she had fallen on her return, utterly worn out, from one of her errands of mercy.

"And she refused him?" the Rector heard him utter as they reached the schoolhouse.

In a very few days the benefit of Doctor Gordon's advice and assistance was distinctly felt. The fever, which was in many cases accompanied by a diphtheritic throat, still raged violently, but the enormous increase of cases were checked.

Deaths were still frequent, and the nurses, the Rector, his curate, and the medical men were terribly overworked, But the unhoped-for recovery of one or two very severe cases under Doctor Gordon's care, and the improvement in the invalids in the little hospital on the hill, were cheering.

Phil's schoolroom had been turned into hospital wards, to the great benefit of the little patients who found shelter there. Phil, with a sweet-faced sister from a nursing institution, was in charge, while Doctor Macmillan had begged Doctor Gordon to take the hospital entirely in hand, his own work being so heavy that it was a relief not to have to go up the hill twice a day.

Doctor Gordon seemed to have cast off all old indifference and sloth; he threw himself heartily into his work, and was so thoroughly practical and matter-of-fact that the nursing sister was charmed. It was a pleasure to work under him, she said.

He insisted on proper nourishment, as much rest as they could obtain, some slight amount of fresh air whenever possible for Sister Constance and his daughter. Peggy and a widow, whose only child had been one of the first victims of the fever, had charge of the cottage.

But, careful as he was for others, Doctor Gordon never spared himself; day and night he was at the bedsides of his patients. All his old skill seemed to have returned to him, and Doctor Macmillan could find no words to show his admiration and appreciation of his treatment. It was easy enough now to understand the young London surgeon's rapturous pleasure at meeting with the Philip Gordon who had risen so high in his profession.

The timid provincial practitioner bowed his head before the wonderful knowledge, skill, and delicacy of hand this man, whom he had once looked down upon as a sot, displayed.

Three or four times, in cases before which Doctor Macmillan trembled, the elder surgeon had stepped in and performed successfully the operation of tracheotomy from which the other shrank, and many a life was saved by his unerring promptitude and skill.

By the end of a fortnight the schoolmistress' father was as much respected—almost revered—as he had been disliked and condemned. His visits were looked forward to with intense eagerness; mothers and wives, husbands and sons, hung upon his words; and many a man, to whom a dear one had been given back from the very brink of the grave through his instrumentality, blessed him as he passed.

It was a pleasant thing to Mr. Venn to tell Phil Gordon of these things; but there were one or two still nobler deeds of the Doctor's that the Rector did not speak of to the pale bright-eyed girl, who always met him with a smile. She had never seemed so sweet and so desirable as she did now, moving among the little white beds, tending her small patients so deftly and cheerfully.

Phil never knew till afterwards that twice when death seemed imminent her father had sucked the poison from the wound after an operation, and undoubtedly saved the patient's life at the risk of his own.

His must be a charmed life, Doctor Macmillan said to his young wife, whose delight in her first-born son was so sadly clouded by the distress about him and the frequent absences of her hard-worked husband.

At last, after six weeks of terrible anxiety and toil, the worst was over. A slight decrease in the number of cases and in their severity cheered the doctors, and it became possible to remove some of the convalescents to the sea-side.

One morning in early September, when the Rector was at the station, seeing off a party of his poorer parishioners who owed their change of air to his generosity and Lady Marcia's, a down-train entered the station just after the departure of the one by which the Rector's convalescents were to travel.

One solitary passenger alighted from it, and an exclamation of surprise from the station-master drew Mr. Venn's attention to him.

"Dick!" exclaimed the clergyman, going to meet him with intense surprise in his face.

The young man was haggard and travel-worn; he looked many years older, the Rector thought; his manner had lost the old languid grace, and was abrupt, weary, and cold.

"I heard of the state of things here only four days ago," he explained, giving Mr. Venn his hand. "Why did you keep me in ignorance, Rector? I have traveled night and day since I heard."

CHAPTER IX.

"AND he is dead?"

"He died this morning just before daybreak."

There was a little pause. Mrs. Venn was not usually at a loss for words, but she evidently found speech difficult just now.

"Was there much suffering?" she asked huskily.

"Not at the last; he was too weak to suffer. Short as his illness was, it had exhausted all his strength."

"It was almost exhausted before," the old lady said sorrowfully. "He had done the work of three men during these terrible weeks. Was he conscious?"

"I think so, but we could not be sure. He lay quite still with closed eyes, holding his daughter's hand, and we heard him whisper something about 'forgiveness' and 'done his best' and 'atonement,' and he passed away as quietly as if he had fallen asleep. Macmillan was crying like a child," added Mr. Venn huskily.

"And Phil?"

"She was very brave and quiet, poor child, but of course she does not realize it yet. When she does her chief comfort will be the thought of his atonement. He has nobly redeemed the past."

"Nobly indeed! Poor Phil was, I suppose, overcome?"

"No—she was quite calm. She stooped to kiss her father, but Doctor Macmillan gently drew her back, whispering that Doctor Gordon himself would not have wished it. I shall never forget the look on her face as she obeyed him."

Mr. Venn, who almost broke down at the recollection, coughed, then cleared his throat, while the tears ran down his mother's wrinkled cheeks.

"It was that last act of self-devotion which killed him," her son remarked presently. "The boy, poor Temlett's only son, was almost gone; the operation had been successful, but there was some obstruction from an accumulation of mucus. Gordon did not hesitate a second, but stooped over the lad and sucked out the fluid!"

"But he had done so before with impunity?"

"Yes, but this was once too often, and his strength was so reduced that there was no chance for him."

"That poor child! Shall I go to her?"

"She is with her patients; Sister Constance thought it best for her to occupy herself."

"Does she know Dick is here?"

"No; she sees no one, except the Doctor and myself. I hope she will not know; she looks so unfit for any further anxiety."

"Dick is looking like a ghost!"

"He is working too hard, and not taking any care of himself. He resents strongly the silence which Lady Marcia enjoined."

"Yes; and she is evidently greatly annoyed at his coming here. She says in her letter to me this morning that Sibyl is quite ready to break off her engagement, as she so annoyed at his return."

"It was not a wise step, certainly; I regret it greatly myself, although he has duties here, of course. He looks terribly ill," added the Rector, with a sigh, which indicated that care sat very heavily upon him. He could not help thinking of the dead man whom he had been proud to call his friend.

On the second day after his death Doctor Gordon was buried, and, although funerals were but little attended during these sad days, when the living had to be thought of so much more than the dead, there was a great concourse of mourners following the simple coffin. In every house in Treverton the blinds were lowered in token of respect to him who had at one time been looked upon as beneath contempt.

Phil was not present; her little patients required her attendance, and her father had always deprecated women mourners. The only indulgence she gave herself was

half an hour's solitude in her own room, at the end of which time Sister Constance brought her a cup of tea. Phil thanked her, saying she would be down almost directly.

Indeed, not many minutes had elapsed before she descended the staircase—a fragile-looking figure in her gray cotton gown, with its quaint collar and cuffs. At the door of the sitting-room she paused, seeking for courage to enter the room which was still so full of her father's belongings that it seemed haunted by his presence. After a moment or two she conquered the shrinking and entered.

The apartment faced the west, and the golden rays of the setting sun came in through the open lattice window, lighting up the faded Eastern rug. The room was in perfect order, and looked pretty and peaceful, but it had lost that home-like look which had made it so charming, and which had disappeared since the young schoolmistress and her father had devoted themselves to the relief of the sick.

Phil's dainty embroidery had been put away, the books were on their shelves, the flower-vases were empty. The girl crossed the room and put her hand gently on her father's empty chair; her chest heaved convulsively, but she conquered herself with an effort, and checked her emotion. A slight sound made her turn hurriedly. A tall dark figure stood in the doorway, swaying slightly, and holding to the frame as if for support. Phil's heart almost stood still for a moment, then it began to beat furiously under the two trembling hands pressed over it.

"Dick," she said tremulously—"oh, Dick!"

As he advanced towards her she put out both her hands to keep him off.

"You ought not to be here!" she exclaimed quickly. "We are steeped in infection!"

She broke off, looking at him anxiously; he had paused at her movement, but stood groping with his hand as if he needed support and guidance. The girl saw that he looked terribly ill; his eyes and features were sunken, he was deadly pale, save for the fever-flush on either cheekbone, and Phil's heart sank heavily.

The girl had seen that stricken look on too many faces not to recognise it. She moved hastily forward, and, taking his hand, drew it over her shoulder and, throwing her arm round him, led him, swaying and stumbling as he went, to her father's chair. Dick fell heavily back in it, his eyes closing for a moment, but his hand, burning and tremulous with fever, holding hers.

"Phil," he said, in a hoarse voice which made the girl's heart ache with foreboding, "you will not—send me—away? I thought I might come to you."

The sunken fever-bright eyes were raised to her face with an earnest gaze. He was only semi-conscious; his head lay against her, heavy and inert. Phil let her cheek rest upon it for one moment, then she laid him gently back upon the pillows of the old chair.

"You are leaving me?" he queried, in quick alarm.

"Only to get something for you," she answered, forcing a smile, and putting her cold hand upon his burning forehead.

"But I will tire you—and you are so tired. They told me—you work so hard," he faltered. "Phil—I will go——"

He tried to rise, but sank back, too faint to move.

"Send for Victor," he muttered; "he will help. I must not weary you, Phil——"

His voice died away, and he fell back upon the cushions in a swoon.

For one terrible moment the girl, looking at the ghastly face, thought that he was dead. Then she rushed into the little kitchen for restoratives, and sent the widow who performed the household work to summon Sister Constance.

Sister Constance, coming swiftly in answer to the summons, found a wild-eyed woman, with an unconscious man's dark head upon her breast, and his livid face upturned to hers.

"It is Dick—it is the Squire!" Phil explained a little wildly. "He has taken the fever, and"—a great sob rose in her throat—"father is not here!"

* * * * * *

It was many a day before Richard Forsyth's eyes looked out upon the world with a gleam of consciousness in their hollow depths; and during all those days Phil Gordon never left his bedside, save for the brief intervals of repose which Doctor Macmillan insisted upon.

Dick's illness was a severe one, for he had come into the midst of infection depressed in mind and body, and more than once the overworked Doctor had despaired of his life. But care and youth and a strong vigorous constitution triumphed over the fell foe, and the day came at last when Doctor Macmillan could speak hopefully and confidently of his recovery.

"You saved him, my child," the physician said to the girl who knelt beside the sick man, whose fingers tightly clasped her own; "he will live."

Sister Constance, who was standing by, wondered if Phil realized the words or even heard them, she was so still.

"You hear, dear," she whispered—"he will live!"

Phil's eyes met hers for moment with a look of gladness in their depths; and presently, as Dick's hold on her hand relaxed, she rose stiffly to her feet and stood looking down at him. He was sleeping calmly and peacefully. The fever had left him, and, notwithstanding his weakness, they would save him yet.

Phil's eyes grew dim, for poor Dick was terribly changed; the hollow eyes, the sunken features, the inflamed lips, and the yellow skin were fearful to see.

"It will be a shock to his mother and Sibyl," the girl thought vaguely; and then she turned away and noiselessly left the room.

He would live; he would soon need her no longer. By-and-by, when all danger of infection was over, Sibyl would come to him. She, Phil, had saved him for her. But she was tired; she wanted rest, and would go to her room. And so, holding to the wall and groping her way, she crept to the foot of the little staircase and there sank down insensible.

And there the Rector, coming in a few minutes later leading a trembling, haggard, richly-dressed woman, whose remorse and anguish had aged her by many years, found her lying like one dead.

"Since she is here, he does not need her. Is he dead?" the Rector asked himself as he raised Phil in his trembling arms.

But Sister Constance, who had heard the wheels of the carriage, came out with her glad tidings, and Lady Marcia caught the Sister's toil-worn hands in hers and kissed them wildly, weeping tears of joy.

It was in Lady Marcia's arms that Phil found herself when she recovered consciousness; the girl's tired eyes wandered from her haggard beautiful face round the room.

"Where is Sibyl?" she whispered. "Tell her he will live."

"Did you not know," Lady Marcia asked, with tremulous lips, "she broke off the engagement a day or two after he came back from Treverton? Oh, my child, will you forgive me? I have been sorely punished for my pride. You saved my son for me. If you care for him, his life is doubly yours, as his love has been, I think, since the day he saw you."

* * * * * *

It was a very quiet wedding which took place in the late autumn at Treverton old church; but the radiance on the bridegroom's handsome face almost obliterated the marks his illness and convalescence had left there.

The bride looked worn and pale in her simple white woollen gown, for her long attendance on him who was now her husband had tried her strength to the uttermost. If her eyes were sorrowful, even in this hour of gladness, there was no unhappiness in her sweet smile; and the Rector, who officiated, rejoiced with all his heart at the happy future he saw opening out for these two persons whom he loved. And, as they stood side by side at the altar, the brass which glittered on the chancel wall. Upon it were engraved Philip Gordon's name and the date of his death, and beneath were these words—

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

[THE END.]

NEVER SIGN DOCUMENTS BEFORE READING.—A certain magistrate was in the habit of affixing his signature to all sorts of papers without taking the trouble to examine them. Now and again his friends would say to him—

"Some day or other you will have to suffer for not bestowing a little more attention on the documents that are brought for you to sign."

But the magistrate only laughed.

One winter evening, about six o'clock, our worthy magistrate was comfortably seated by the fireside, wrapped in a dressing-gown, when a friend was announced.

"Ah! delighted to see you," he said to the visitor as he entered the room.

Shortly after there was another ring at the door-bell. This time a couple of his old comrades came together.

"You see, my dear B——" they both said in one breath, "we are punctual to the time."

Just then three other friends were shown into the room, and thanked the magistrate for his kind invitation.

"Why, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the latter, in utter bewilderment.

"You have invited us to supper, and here we are," cried the visitors in o' orus. "We were certainly surprised at your sending us the invitation on stamped paper. Quite an original idea!"

Hereupon each produced a document of portentous dimensions, bearing a legal stamp and the signature of the magistrate. The documents, instead of representing writs or indictments, contained an invitation to supper, the menu of which, consisting of cold meats, readily obtainable, oysters, etc., was distinctly specified. A list of the wines to be drunk on the occasion was also given.

The magistrate had to give in. He had signed these documents along with the rest that were submitted to him from day to day. He behaved handsomely on this occasion, and the supper was a grand success. Since that time, however, he has been more careful.

THE STUFFED CAT.—An old chiffonier (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached.

The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost her place and her lover who sided with her mistress.

She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young good-looking man entered.

"So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place?" said he, "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?"

"I, sir! You are joking."

"No, faith, I want a wife, I'm sure I can't find a better."

"But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you."

Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle, it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed her on the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There was a thousand Louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

A very pretty romance is attached to one of Mr. G. F. Watts' pictures. He exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850 a portrait of a Miss Virginia Pattle, the daughter of an East India Company director, and a great beauty. The painting attracted considerable attention at the time, among its most ardent admirers being the late Earl Somers (then Viscount Eastnor). "I must know that woman!" his lordship is declared to have remarked, and as fortune would have it the two met the following day. His wooing of Miss Pattle was short but successful, for a few months later he married her. One of their three daughters is Lady Somerset, who is so well-known as a public speaker.

TO BUILD UP THE SYSTEM when run down from General Debility, young or old should use Doctor Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, a pleasant and effective Tonic, a prompt corrective for a Disordered Stomach, and a sure destroyer of Worms. The large sized bottles are the cheapest when a Tonic is wanted. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

INSOMNIA.—The London Lancet says that persons afflicted with insomnia should not go to either seashore or mountain, but should seek quiet inland resorts that are a few feet above the sea level.

SPOONLESS.—A spoonless mustard-pot is a recent invention. By pressing a piston-rod in an air-tight receptacle the requisite amount of mustard is forced through a suitable spout. The air being excluded, the mustard is always fresh.

SWEET.—Saccharine has a rival. A new substance, called valzin, which is now being manufactured abroad under a patent, is claimed to be two hundred times sweeter than sugar and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharine.

CHAMOIS.—Chamois leather has been used for many articles, from a shoe to a card-case, but it is only lately that it has been called into requisition for sheets. The idea originated with a lady whose skin was of marvellous delicacy. Chamois leather sheets are now becoming quite popular, and ladies who patronize them travel about carrying with them their own sheets smartly trimmed with colored ribbon. Naturally only the very finest skins are selected.

BOAT PROPULSION.—Boat-propulsion by means of oil-engines is certainly on the increase, and is likely to present a real rivalry to the employment of boats driven by electricity. The system presents many advantages. To begin with, it is economical and safe, there is no boiler, a complete absence of smoke, a great saving of room which can be devoted to other purposes, and a saving of time in obviating the necessity of getting up speed. On the Manchester Ship and other canals many such vessels are employed; and on the Thames every season some may be seen which have superseded the more common steam-launch. A small boat of this kind has recently been tried. The engines in this case are of five horse-power, and make about two hundred and eighty revolutions per minute. Ordinary mineral oil is used, and enough for a week's working can be stored in the vessel.

Farm and Garden.

LABOR-SAVING.—Whenever a farmer gets a labor-saving implement for himself, let him think if something to save his wife from kitchen work cannot also be secured.

SMALL TRACTS.—On small tracts of land it is possible to keep bees, poultry and fruit trees on the same location with profit, but such work can only be done by those who are experienced, and who well understand what is required for success.

COWS.—Two cows with the same amount of feed may give the same amount of dairy product, when, if the feed is increased, one cow will respond by an increased flow of milk, while the other will not. In the latter case the animal has reached her limit, and this proves that the dairyman may be continually wasting feed on the cow of small natural capacity.

WOOD.—Dry wood gives more heat and a better heat than green, and it is more economical to use both for cooking and heating. While it is difficult to cook to a good advantage with green, and while dry wood is hard to work, cutting green and allowing it to dry under shelter will secure all of the advantages in preparing, and give all of the benefit in burning.

PURE BREEDS.—While it is advisable to breed from pure bred males, in order to grade up the stock, it is also an advantage to begin by culling out all but the best females upon which to found the future herd or flock. It requires but a few years to make a great improvement if a selection of the best females is made with every generation, and only pure breds adhered to for breeding.

MATURITY.—Early maturity is of great advantage in animals. The sheep, hog or steer that gains the same weight in one-half of the time required by another animal saves cost of labor, food and shelter. The breed is the foundation upon which these advantages may be secured. The cow that is well bred not only produces largely of milk, but her offspring will grow more rapidly and mature earlier than scrubs.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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With a Purpose.

There is no more pitiable sight than the aimless man, the sport of chance, drifting like a vessel that has no port in view and nobody at the helm. What good can come of it? The reasons for this objectless drifting are want of adaptability, of capacity, of resolution, or of belief. Some would allege that they are miserable do-nothings because of a want of opportunity; but that excuse will not stand examination.

It is difficult to imagine circumstances in which objects are not at hand that will pacify us if they do not absorb all our energies. People who regard themselves as very clever may discontentedly languish in solitude because no great project is conveniently near in which they might participate and thus satisfy their ambition; but we should regard their complaint as a confession of want of adaptability.

If men and women are around us, we ought not to lack an immediate object, and, if we are alone, there are many fine examples of fruitful solitary occupation that we might copy. To the young folk, especially to the objectless young lady who has not yet found a woman's responsibilities, we would say, "Your work is all about you; it is only finding it and fitting yourself to it that are needed. You have the opportunity if you have the adaptability."

You cannot ardently pursue any object if not possessed with the right spirit. All that remains is to watch the flight you do not understand, and to bear stoically your cold philosophical isolation. Selfishness, curiosity and belief are the foundations on which an object in life may be built, and the greatest of these is belief. The man of thought who has no faith but has a generous temperament is barred on either hand from belief and selfishness, and only the thin pallid motive of curiosity is left to him.

If it were possible to probe the motives and objects which most strongly influence men's lives, it is probable that the commonest would be found to be acted on unconsciously. The aims that are really absorbing a vast percentage of human activities usually are not recognized as distinct objects.

Thus perhaps the most general of all purposes is seen in the efforts made to bring up children as well as or better than the generation was brought up which went before. "What was good enough for me must be good enough for them" is a sentiment one occasionally hears expressed; but the average father, without saying anything on the point or consciously setting a mark before him, steadily educates his children for a higher social grade than he occupies himself; and this is the effort of his life, though he may not know it. For this he toils early and late and lives in a style which he can barely afford, so that care follows him as his daily companion.

Do men knowingly take to themselves bad objects? One may occasionally hear fellows of a low type boasting of their ill deeds as though they covered them with glory, but almost invariably they are men of overweening conceit, and their talk has to be discounted accordingly.

There are, we may very well believe, a few monstrosities who prefer wrongdoing, and there are mere selfish people who find their gain in evil and so utilize it without any preference for it; but the main body of evil-livers do not pursue sin as an object. They slip, or are careless or luxurious, or take the easier course, which is generally wrong; the men however who are bad by arrangement with themselves are stage characters and not acquaintances in real life.

The most momentous decision as to our objects in life is that which determines the degree in which they will be selfish or will help mankind. The selfish man who has an aim which he is exerting himself to accomplish is far preferable to the weakling who is drifting with the tide, for, though the selfish man's conscious object may be low, the keenness with which he pursues it is likely to bring secondary advantages to the community. The world takes toll of the energy expended on selfish purposes. The man who, for the sake of a scheme which affects his own well-being, contrives to make two blades of corn grow where one grew before benefits multitudes who were not in his thoughts. The concentration of effort that is inseparable from an object in life is often a good thing irrespective of the motive which led to the effort.

It is well to have objects both near and far; and of those that are near the best to make people immediately around us happy. One may often see dreamers with large plans that would, their promoters believe, set the world to rights if they could be carried out; and yet these scheming reformers are uncommonly awkward people to live with.

To diffuse around an atmosphere of cheerfulness and kindness may not be a very grand task, but it is at least practical and has an immediate reward. Respecting the far-off objects which excite the imagination and brace the energies one warning may be given. There is a good deal to be said against allowing a single object to assume a mastering influence over the life. It leads to narrowness, false views, and crabbedness.

True, there are cases to the contrary, as in Howard's pursuit of prison reform, or—to take a widely different illustration—Palissy's experiments in pottery; but, as a rule, the man of one idea arrives in the end at futility and unhappiness. In the end! The best objects are those that never bring us to the end; the unattainable should be our lure. The completion of life, its sense of triumph, comes more safely with the thought that we are gaining than with the thought that we have gained.

If we have won in this world and have secured what we wanted, what then? Must not all the rest of the story be an anti-climax? It is like the climbing of a hill. You set out with splendid anticipations, and indeed the tramp is bracing and the views are glorious; but the way is very long and steep, and a stout heart is needed if the summit is to be reached.

Ah, here we are at last on the heels of victory; over this shoulder we shall sight the cairn! There is no need for hurry, for the top is not the triumph. The summit is rounded and tame, the view is not all that we had hoped, the wind bites keenly, the day declines; it is time that we went down. In five minutes more we shall be striding back; and we must go with saddened hearts and a sense of something finished if being on the top were our object. But that is not the aim and end. The exultation comes from the journey, the effort, the views, the pleasure by the way, and is not centred in the summit, which we leave with laughter, as we should leave any other knoll.

Piteous indeed is the state of the man whose great objects do not outlast his life. "Give us the glory of going on," and not of attaining. "To travel hopefully," as says a living philosopher, "is better than to arrive." To be pursuing is pleasanter than to have or to have had. Happy is the man who has imagination and faith that will provide him with objects and ideals too far-reaching to allow him to shrivel into hopelessness and cynicism; and thrice happy is he if his objects in life merge into objects beyond life.

IT behooves every young man, while buoyant with hope and unfaltering energy, with a constitution able to expel the onslaughts of disease, to patiently delve and lay up under lock and key the wherewithal to tide him over the last stage of human existence with a full sense of personal independence; for in such circumstances the few years of an octogenarian with reasonable health might prove to be the most interesting part of his life.

PARENTS should realize that children merit neither praise nor blame for hereditary qualities, inasmuch as both good and bad qualities come without effort on the part of the children. They should particularly realize that only effort, in its various forms of obedience, industry, cheerfulness, regularity, etc., is the true test of a child's merit.

REMEMBER that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls.

REMEMBER that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the Master has ordained. It may be short or it may be long. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do so heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate, or a private man, in each case act your part with honor.

THE mind and heart of man are so complex and so often swayed by various and opposite motives that we fail to solve their intricacy. Conduct does not always betray the sources from which it comes, though in the main it is a truthful index.

AMONG the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavors to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances.

WHILE the spread and increase of intelligence is always on the side of virtue, yet, without good feeling, pure aims and right conduct, we cannot hope for a strong intellect, a sound judgment, or a clear mind.

WE should reflect, that whatever tempts the pride and vanity of ambitious persons is not so big as the smallest star which we see scattered in disorder and unregarded on the pavement of heaven.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—Wax candles are made of different colors, but they all emit a white light.

T. W.—The ancients believed that emeralds worn in a ring protected the wearer against dysentery, epilepsy, and malignant fevers. The occult power of the gem was supposed to be increased by engraving some astrological device upon it.

J. BRET.—The Pyrenees are next to the Alps in elevation. They extend across the isthmus between France and Spain for a distance of 240 miles, and are practically continued by the Cantabrian Mountains for 360 miles more. The loftiest summit, Mont Perdu, has an altitude of 11,270 feet.

ALFRED.—The quotation "In the midst of life we are in death," the synonym for which exists in so many languages, is in the burial service. It is not in the Old or New Testaments. It is derived from a Latin Antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, whilst watching some workmen building a bridge in a very perilous position.

S. F.—1. To blue gun barrels, apply nitric acid and let it eat into the iron a little: then the latter will be covered with a thin film of oxide. Clean the barrel, oil, and burnish. 2. To brown gun barrels, mix equal parts of butter of antimony and sweet oil, and apply the mixture to the iron previously warmed. Repeat the application until a proper color is produced.

MAY.—All the phrases you have quoted have many times been translated for correspondents already. Dolce far niente, means Sweet do nothing—otherwise, sweet idleness. Noblesse oblige, means Nobility necessitates—or demands special high-bred, generous, or dignified conduct: and Et tu Brute!—the last words of Cæsar, when he saw his special friend, Brutus, amongst his assassins—"And thou, Brutus!"

CAREFUL.—Marriage between cousins is quite legal, and though it is not always advisable, there is nothing wrong or improper about it. There is no reason why the children of such marriage should not be as healthy as any others, if there is no disease in the family on either side. The union of cousins does not necessarily cause disease, either mental or bodily, but it would no doubt tend to develop it if it already existed.

AMATEUR.—It is quite true that, while the discovery of producing sun-pictures is credited to Daguerre and Niepce, Josiah Wedgwood, of England, is said to have produced the first specimens, though strange to say, he never followed up his discovery; and a member of the Franklin Institute, of this city, Mr. Robert Cornelius, took the first portrait in daguerreotype that had ever been produced anywhere, in November, 1839.

BAB.—The term "boss" is derived from Low Dutch, and means "master." "Mash" is derived from a gipsy word "masada," meaning to charm by the eye. We recommend you not to adopt the slang terms which your schoolboy brothers pick up outside home. The origin of the slang term "O. K." is traced back as far as a hundred years ago, when the best tobacco and rum came from Aux Cayes (so pronounced), and has meant the best in everything in subsequent times.

ROSAMOND.—There is not any rule. It is simply a question of style. "While" or "whilst," "among" or "amongst," are now alternative forms which may be used at discretion. It is well to be guided by sound; whichever seems the most pleasing should be used in a sentence. Practically, at the present moment, the choice is very much on a level with the choice between "saith" or "sayeth" and "says" or "didst" and "did." "Didst thou?" sounds right, and "Did you?" In the old times "you" was used only in the plural; now we use "you" also in the singular. There are fashions in speech.

LAURA.—A history of the legend of the "Sangreal," of which you have been reading in Tennyson's poem, was written at the end of the twelfth century by Chretien de Troyes. According to this ancient fable, the blood which flowed from the Saviour's side was collected by St. Joseph of Arimathea in the vessel from which the Lord had partaken of the last meal with His disciples. This double memorial St. Joseph was supposed to have brought over to Britain; and the knights of King Arthur's "Round Table" vowed that they would go forth in the quest of this Sangreal (or Sangreal, i. e., "real blood"), and not to return until they had found it. This story is one of the many myths of the Middle Ages.

EMILY.—Love letters are not foolish. It is a very common thing for people to sneer and laugh at them; but generally, as is the case with the letter you copy, the man writes just as he feels. "When Sunday comes I am glad, because I can then look upon your sweet, pretty face." We do not see any nonsense in that; your face may be ugly and sour, but your lover thinks it pretty and sweet, and you ought to bless him for the thought. "I believe you are like an angel." Well! what of it? when a man is in love, he is in an intoxicated state, and he may think a fat, portly female an angel. His passion makes him think so. Women are not angels; they are women; often conceited, troublesome, selfish, and pertinacious; but men, in the generous excitement of love and of youth, in the dawn of life and the first rose-blush of innocent rhapsody, think women are angels. But Emily tells us men are fools! So they are, but if we were Emily we should pray that her lover might never wake from his dream of folly.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY E. M. C.

I walked the bank of a crystal stream--
A river of joy—a blissful dream;
I heard it ripple and laugh along—
A tuneful voice full of gladsome song.
Its surface mirrored each sunny ray;
It danced and sparkled the livelong day;
Then, wrapped in vapors and purple haze,
It passed away from my yearning gaze.

Oh, thus 'tis ever with joys of earth—
Its shadow falls on the face of mirth!
The joys of spring and the golden hours
Of summer with their wealth of flowers;
But soon, too soon, when the storm-winds sigh,
The blossoms droop and the young birds die!
Yet Faith can see far beyond the gloom
A Land of light and eternal bloom!

In an Old Box.

BY C. D.

IT was the very saddest walk I ever had in my life. We had so much to say to each other, and yet we said nothing. We passed silently beneath the dripping branches of the trees in the park, and the drops splashed like heavy tears upon our upturned faces; but our eyes were dry, we shed no tears for ourselves. The fog lay all around us, making the outer world as dark and weird as the inner one in which we moved. Sometimes we stood still by mutual consent, though neither suggested it; then, again by mutual consent, we resumed our monotonous pacing.

We had no object in our walk; we were not going anything or returning from any place; we were merely taking farewell of each other. Years would pass before we should walk thus again, if ever we did so. Glancing at Harold's face, I saw that it had assumed such a look of utter hopeless misery that, though my own heart was sad and heavy enough, I instinctively tried to comfort him.

"Two hundred a year is a very good salary," I remarked; "I should never get so much in England."

"No," he assented dismally, and made no further effort to continue to converse on the subject. It was difficult for me too, but I tried again.

"I don't think that, as I am to live with the family, I can possibly spend more than one-tenth of my salary; twenty pounds a year must be plenty for dress in Russia; and, if so, in—let see—six years I shall have saved a thousand pounds. Then I can come home."

"In six years!" sighed Harold, as if it were six decades at least. But I loved him all the better for his dejection. Strange as it may seem, the only thing that made me feel the least bit bright or cheerful was seeing him so very miserable; and yet I loved him.

"Then I shall have an income—a real income of my own," I went on. "A thousand pounds at five per cent. is fifty pounds a year. I shall feel quite rich when I have as much money as that all of my own."

"Of course," Harold said gloomily. I did wish that he would cheer up just a little, though he did love me so much, and therefore was bound to be very unhappy over parting from me.

"And in six years you yourself will be getting ever so much more money," I said as gaily as I could. "You got eighty pounds a year now, don't you? It ought to be a hundred and twenty pounds at least in six years' time."

"Oh, don't you begin to reckon, Clarissa, on things being as they ought to be!" Harold answered, with an entirely new note of sarcasm in his voice. "This is London, not—not Arcadia"—I don't believe the dear fellow had the vaguest idea as to what sort of country Arcadia is or was, but he wanted to put his case strongly—"and it's just as likely as not that I shall be turned off for some wretched little slip of a boy who will do my work for five shillings a week less. Then, when you come back with your thousands"—it was only one thousand I was counting on—"you will chuck me a copper to help me to get a new broom for the crossing I shall be sweeping, won't you?"

I do not know how I came to be so silly, but, what with the fog, and the perpetual, tears dropping from those gloomy trees, and Harold's determination not to see any comfort in anything, I began to cry. Oddly enough, that brought Harold round, for it was his turn to administer comfort now.

"You poor little Clary!" he cried, taking me in his arms, after casting just one look over his shoulder at the phantom policeman who was perpetually either in front of us or behind us. "Don't break down now, or I declare I will not let you go at all! There—that wretched ship may sail to-morrow without you, and we will get married at once, on eighty pounds a year! And, if we do, all the tears you ever shed before marriage will be a joke to those we shall both shed in the future, I fear. Still, we'll do it if you cry."

He looked so tragic and funny with the rain dipping off the brim of his hat on to his nose—Harold's is a Roman nose and his best feature—that I began to laugh a little hysterically.

"I won't marry you now," I declared, "whatever you like to do; and I am certainly going to sail to-morrow morning. My passage has been taken and paid for, and I shall never have such another chance. There are heaps of women who have been better educated than I who would give their ears to go in my place as governess to the Von Konstakys, I can tell you!"

"A governess without ears wouldn't be much good," Harold returned crossly. "Are you still determined that I shall not come to see you off to-morrow? I could get leave—to attend a funeral, you know."

"Don't make such miserable jokes," I said sharply; "and never tell stories—it is a bad habit. As for coming to see me off, I could not bear it anyhow; and, if you obtained leave to come by making such an excuse as that, I should think it a judgment on both of us if I were drowned or fell a victim to dynamiters before the six years were out."

"If you talk like that you shall not go," Harold said masterfully. His arms were about me still; he had not even taken them away when the policeman passed, but stared at him defiantly instead.

I liked him for being so peremptory—liked him much better than I should have done if he had taken it all meekly—and his resistance made it easier for me to go.

"You won't forgive me in six years, you think, Harold?" I said, for the sake of hearing him vow for the hundredth time that he could never do that in any circumstances. "I—I shall be thirty-one when I come back. That seems dreadfully old, doesn't it? And you will be thirty-five, and getting a little bald. You will stoop a little by then, Harold; you are beginning to do so now; I have noticed it for the last year. It is all that horrid desk work. And what shall I be like? Thin and drab-colored, I expect. Aunt Sarah is thin and pale-drab all over—eyes and complexion and everything—and they say she was very like me when she was a girl."

"Whatever you are like, you will always be beautiful to me," Harold said decidedly; but I felt a little dubious about that. There so many stories about engaged people who are separated for years, and when "he" comes back—only this time it was "she" who was going away instead of "he"—he falls in love with her younger sister or the girl-friend who is staying with her, and who of course is very lovely and everything of that sort. I had had these stories a great deal in my mind lately, and they had saddened me. If it had not been that I loved Harold a great deal better than anything else, I should never have been leaving England at all. I hated the idea of going to that nasty shivery cold Russia—where no one ever seems to get warm unless they are blown up with dynamite—infinitely more than he hated it, I was sure. But then, as we were going on, there seemed no chance of our ever getting married at all, and I thought I should be much happier in a little home of my own with Harold than I should be as a governess in the very finest mansion in Mayfair; so I had applied at a governess agency to see if I could get something more remunerative abroad, and I had had the great good fortune to secure this Russian appointment, which was such a dreary piece of good luck, it seemed, now that the actual parting had come.

After the policeman had disappeared we both stood silent for a while. Then through the darkness the sound of a bell came; it was a clock striking four. The fog was so dense now that we both felt instinctively that it was time to leave the park. Besides, the dreadful "Good-bye" must be said sooner or later; and, though we were both loath to say it, yet we both had an underlying feeling that it would be well to do it quickly.

"We had better say 'Good-bye' here," I said faintly, as we were getting close to the gate, beyond which we should be in the busy world again. "Say 'Good-bye,' Harold."

We paused for a moment, or it might have been an hour—I could not tell, I could keep no account of time: I only know that his face was pressed against mine, that our tears met and mingled on our cheeks, that I had a prayer in my heart that Heaven would be good to me and let me die before that last embrace came to an end, that suddenly there was no Harold in the world any more—nothing but fog all around me and a voice in my ears that cried, "Heaven bless you!"

As I felt my way towards the gate, blinded more by my tears than by the dense atmosphere, another voice came through the mist to me—a strange one this time—

"Gentleman said as I was to drive you 'ome, miss. This way, please—the keb's just by the gate."

I let the man lead me whither he would, let myself be lifted into the cab, and let the door be shut upon me, and then in my misery I sank down among the damp straw, laid my head upon the stuffy plush cushions, and wept and moaned aloud in my unbearable pain.

"Oh, Harold, Harold," I cried, "I never thought—never dreamed it would be like this, or I should not have had the courage to do it! How can I go even now? And yet for your sake, dear, I must—I must! Oh, six years—six long cruel years—before I shall see your face again!"

And then a thought occurred to me which chilled me so that I began to shiver. Supposing I never saw Harold's face again in this world! It was not so very unlikely; six years was a long time, and death was busy everywhere. The thought horrified me so that I would cry no more; I could only wring my hands and pray.

I was alone in the world but for Harold, and we had been courting for years; so my love for him had had a better chance to grow great and strong than is perhaps always the case between engaged people. As I sat there among the straw and shivered, I thought of the years since I first knew Harold—of the Sunday afternoons we had spent together in the summer-time, perhaps taking a little jaunt or trip into the country, and sitting in a field or under a hedge listening to the lark singing high up in the air above our heads, not talking much, but just taking in the freshness and sweetness of it all, and loving each other all the more in some strange way for the beauty around us. Then in the winter there had been afternoons and evenings at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, and we had sung out of the same hymn-book or held hands through the sermon. Oh, what a simple happy beautiful life it all seemed now that I was leaving it for ever! For, come what might, it could never be the same in the future as it had been in the past. When I returned, we should both be six years older, of course, and perhaps we should not care for the same pleasures. Oh, how hard it was to be poor, and to have to spend the best and brightest time that we were ever likely to have away from each other!

We drove very slowly on account of the fog; and I had thought all this and a hundred things besides before we reached home. When I felt that the cab had really stopped at last, I scrambled up somehow from the floor, and, as I got out on to the pavement, there was that dear cruel loving Harold again. He had been riding the whole way on the box—to take care of me for the last time, he said. He tried to get away without my seeing him; but my eyes were too quick for that, though they were so swollen with tears. So we said "Good-bye" again on the pavement.

"Why don't you come inside the cab with me?" I asked, as I clung to him; and the foolish fellow actually said that he rode on the box to save me from crying any more. As if I had not been crying and shivering every minute all the way! But it was good to have him hold me again for a moment, and to feel that the six years were shorter by that much at least.

I think our second parting was less sad than the first had been, because Harold's reappearance had given me the feeling that he might turn up again at any moment. For over an hour I had been making up my mind that he was indeed gone altogether; and now I could hardly believe that he was gone at all. I ate my last tea in my solitary room rather sadly however, and, as the evening wore on and the fog grew thicker, I began to feel very dull and sad again. I tried to shake off the feeling, to be brave and look forward, but I could not. Six years is such a terribly long time to be parted from the person one loves best in the whole world; and, if the other people whom one loves and who love one are few, then it does not grow easier.

At six o'clock we had said "Good bye" for the last time. At a quarter past eight exactly I sat down and wrote a letter to Harold. I am ashamed of it, but I did. This is what I said—

"Dear Harold—Don't laugh; but I think if you could come, without telling any fibs about funerals, and see me off to-morrow at eleven, I should like to say 'Good-bye' again. You see, dear, I thought it would be very dreadful; but now I find the saying 'Good-bye' not half so hard as the going. If you laugh even the least little bit when you get this I would rather you didn't come. "Your little CLARY.

"P. S.—Did you laugh?"

I posted this letter myself; and I ran into five people and walked down one area in doing it, though the pillar-box was only just at the corner of our street. After it was really sent I felt better. I bathed my eyes and tried on my traveling hat again, wondering if it really suited me, and hoping it did, because I wanted Harold to have a nice picture of me to keep for the six years we should be apart. Six years! When I had got as far as that, I felt so sad again, in spite of the "Good-bye" to be said on the morrow, that I wondered what I could do till it was time to go to bed. Then I remembered an old shawl that had belonged to my grandmother, and that was put away right at the very bottom of an old box in which I used to keep a number of things that I could not make up my mind either to give away or to wear. I had thought of it as a warm wrap for traveling; then I had forgotten it again, but for my lack of occupation this evening I should probably have forgotten it altogether. But now I was glad to sit down before the box, pull off the chintz cover by which I transformed it into an ottoman, and begin to take out its contents. First there came old dresses of all kinds, then there were some old books and papers, then a fan or two that had belonged to my grandmother and that I meant to have out in my little drawing-room when I had one six years hence perhaps. Last of all came the shawl. I was glad to feel how soft and warm and yet how light it was as I lifted it out.

"It would have been very silly of me not to have taken that," I said to myself as I held it up to the light to see if the moths had got into it in spite of care and camphor. But it seemed all right. Then, as there was nothing more to do, I ought to have begun putting away the other things in an orderly fashion, I suppose, but I did not. Instead of that, I sat staring stupidly into the box and reading the advertisements in the old number of the Telegraph with which I had lined it years ago. How odd it was to read the "Agony" column so long after date! Did "X. Y. Z." ever go to meet "A. B. C."? I wondered. And was "the lady who talked to the gentleman in the railway-carriage on the afternoon of Wednesday last" as anxious to see him again as he was to meet her? And then, as I read on dreamily, something suddenly attracted my attention. It was the sight of my own name.

"If Clarissa Alayn, sister of the late Mr. James Francis Murray of Black Dog, Australia, will call at the office of Messrs. Pouchem and Grabbet, Old Jewry, E.C., she will hear of something to her advantage."

"Clarissa Alayn." That was my name; but I had never a brother in the world: so this must be some other Clarissa Alayn. It occurred to me however that my mother's name was Clarissa Alayn too, and that she had talked to me of her brother James, who had run away to sea years ago and never came back. Granny had spoken of him sometimes with tears in her eyes. "Poor little Jimmy!" she used to call him. Could Mr. James Francis Murray of Black Dog, Australia, be the same person? I wondered. And, if my mother would have heard of something to her advantage by calling at the office of Messrs. Pouchem and Grabbet, was it not possible that there might be some good fortune in store for me if I went in search of it? I was the only child my mother had ever had. Perhaps—perhaps—— A wild hope rose in my heart, but I crushed it down. Could it be that I need not go to Russia, after all? Oh, if I only knew for certain what it all meant! The next morning at eleven o'clock I was to start. How could I start until I had been to find out for myself what this strange advertisement meant, and whether it really had anything to do with me or not? Then I looked again at the date of the paper, and my hopes fell when I saw that it was five years old. Surely some Clarissa Alayn must have applied at that office and heard of something to her advantage long ago! How I blamed myself for having been so foolish as to paste the paper into the box without looking to see if any advertisements in it concerned me. Then the thought struck me that I had

laid paper in all the drawers of my dressing-table, and I actually got up and took it all out carefully to see if my name was mentioned anywhere. But I did not find it again. All the others were comparatively new papers, being only a few months old, and there were no advertisements in them about any Clarissa Alayn. My hopes fell at that. Perhaps the advertisement had nothing to do with me, after all. Yet my name was not a very common one.

My landlady knocked at my door and entered with a supper-tray. She seemed rather surprised to see me looking so flushed and existed. I longed to take her into my confidence, and I paved the way by a timid question.

"Mrs. Burt, did you ever hear of any one answering an advertisement in a newspaper that requested them to call at an office to hear of something to their advantage?" I asked, flushing still more as the good woman's eyes were fixed on me in a steady stare of astonishment.

"Which I have, Miss Alayn," she answered readily. "Which it was a young man as was own cousin to the greengrocer at the corner, and never suspected of doing nothing that would get him into trouble, though always a little wild in his ways. And it was in Lloyd's as he see it, which was the paper he was in the 'abit of taking in regular. And he called as requested. And, if you'll believe me, miss, there was a policeman waiting there for him, and took him straight into custody for some tark he'd been up to unbeknown to any one. An' three months on the treadmill may be an advantage, miss, and I'm not gainsaying it; but just think of his pore mother!"

"But they can't be all like that, Mrs. Burt," I cried, for the more doubt there was cast on my wonderful discovery the stronger did my own belief in it grow; "some of them must be genuine, I should think." And then I made her come into my bed-room, which adjoined my little sitting room, a door leading from one to the other, and we lighted a candle, and Mrs. Burt peered at the wonderful advertisement pasted with the rest of the sheet of the Telegraph inside my box. When she had spelled it out for herself very slowly twice, and I had pointed out to her the coincidence between the name of my uncle Jim and Mr. James Francis Murray —my mother's maiden name was Murray —her disbelief in such advertisements vanished, and she was almost more eager and excited about it than I was. She asked if her 'good gentleman' might step up and have a look at it. Of course I assented, and the end of it was that it was quite twelve o'clock before I went to bed, so long did we sit and talk over the possibilities and impossibilities and probabilities and improbabilities of the case. We quite exhausted the field of conjecture.

"Suppose you find as how you've been a great heiress for years and years, and you never guessing it all the time!" said Mrs. Burt.

"Well, let's 'ope to mercy it ain't bills," murmured her less sanguine husband. "Though if it is I don't see that you've got no call to pay them for an uncle that you never so much as saw," he added.

On one point however none of us had any doubt—I must call at Messrs. Pouchem and Grabbet's offices before leaving for Russia.

"But suppose I lose the steamer?" I said doubtfully.

"Suppose you lose a forchun?" Mrs. Burt retorted smartly. "There'll be more steamers comin' along, I dare say: but forchuns hasn't been as plentiful, leastways not within my experience."

"But I told Mr. Tyrrell to try to come to see me off," I said feebly. I was absolutely obliged to talk it all out to some one at this juncture. "I must telegraph to him the first thing in the morning: and then I shall have to go without seeing him." What with weariness and excitement and fear and hope, the tears were very near my eyes at that moment.

"Don't go telegrafting," Mr. Burt said, in a fatherly fashion. "If you go and he's down there to bid you 'Good-bye,' why, well and good. And, if he's there and you don't go, 'oo'll be better pleased than 'im?"

This was so unanswerable that I did not even try to answer it. I bade them "Good night" and thanked them for taking so much interest in my affairs; but, when the good couple were gone and I was in bed, I could not sleep; I tossed and turned and thought of everything that could p ssibly happen, just as if we had not thrashed the subject out thoroughly already. Towards morning I dozed a little and had odd dreams of my mother and my uncle, whom I had never seen, and who was very cross because I was late for the steamer which was to take me to Black Dog. I was explaining to him how exceedingly difficult it was to carry sovereigns in a hat-box made of bank-notes when Mrs. Burt awoke me.

"It seems a shame, my dear, and you sleeping so beautiful," she said kindly, "but it's eight o'clock to the minute, and your breakfast will be ready before you are."

With the clear morning light the fog had dispersed, and there was a fresh wind blowing. I became conscious of the fact that I had a bad headache, and that it was the day on which I was to start for Russia. My golden visions had vanished. I could not see things as I had done the night before. The chances of my uncle Jim, who ran away to sea, having ever been worth a great deal of money and anxious to leave it to his sister, whom he had not seen since boyhood, seemed very vague. Mrs. Burt too said little about our last night's talk. I think we were both rather ashamed of having been so visionary and such "dreamers of dreams."

"Shall you go straight to the docks, miss, or call on them lawyers on the way?" she asked, as I sat trying to eat the egg and bacon which had been my landlady's idea of breakfast ever since I had been her lodger.

"I suppose I may as well look in there," I answered slowly. "It will be very tiresome, though, if there is nothing in it after all, and I lose the steamer in consequence of calling."

"You might start a bit earlier," Mrs. Burt suggest; and this I finally did. All my goods were early on board; so I had little to do after breakfat was over but put on my new gown, take my shawl over my arm, and start in the first hansom that came along.

"Good-bye, miss," said Burt; "and, whether it's Russia or not, here's wishing you luck, I'm sure! I won't put the card not till to-morrow anyhow; so, if you should find there's anything in that advertisement, why, you'll know where to come back to. And, if it's Russia, you'll send me a letter, I 'ope, just to say 'ow you like yourself in foreign parts. The fare to Old Jewry is only a shilling, miss, so don't you let 'im impose on you. Good-bye, good-bye, my dear! And 'ere's hoping it won't be for long!" the good old soul added, as if she were drinking a toast instead of taking leave of a friend. For we were friends in the truest sense of the word, and my eyes were as moist as her own as I drove away.

I found that Messrs. Pouchem and Grabbet's offices were not exactly in Old Jewry itself, but in a narrow court leading out of it. It was a dark little passage, and on one side of it there was an old church, which was being pulled down, and looked strangely dreary and uncanny, the black and white mural tablets on its walls still stating that beneath lay the body of "Dame So-and-so" or "Sir Somebody Something," whereas the bones had long ago been carried away and consigned elsewhere.

It all struck me as very gruesome and disagreeable and irreverent; but I had very little time to think about it, for the names of "Pouchem and Grabbet," in black letters on a dirty white ground, adorning a door-post caught my eye, and my heart began to beat rapidly.

I found two young men in the solicitors' outer office, and one of them was kind enough to tell me that Mr. Pouchem was in, but was engaged at that moment; and then, as he did not suggest that I should sit down, I took a chair, which I longed to dust first, uninvited.

It was a very dull office. Outside there was the blank wall of the dismantled church. If one wearied of that prospect, as I did soon, then there was a Law Calendar which adorned one of the walls to look at, or the clock which ticked over the mantelpiece. In less than five minutes I had no eyes for anything but the clock. How fast the time was going! When would Mr. Pouchem be disengaged? What about my steamer? Was I to make up my mind to miss it? The clerks' pens scratched on, the noise irritating me almost beyond endurance. In the little court it was so quiet that I could hear every sound, though the muffled roar of Cheapside was still audible like the waves of a distant sea. I wondered if Harold had got leave from his office, and if he was even now anxiously expecting me at the docks. Perhaps I was losing the last few moments that I should have with him for years, and all for nothing.

"Do you think Mr. Pouchem will see me soon?" I demanded of the clerk, rising suddenly and speaking somewhat breathlessly, as the last thought came home to me. "I was going to Russia at eleven o'clock."

I do not know how it was, but this statement seemed to impress the clerks; perhaps they did not often have clients who were just starting for remote parts of Europe. Anyhow the junior clerk found in the fact a sufficient excuse for ceasing writing, and the elder one communicated it up a speaking-tube to the invisible Mr. Pouchem. And it had a good result. In two minutes more I was in the great man's presence. He was an unlike my idea of a lawyer as a man could well be. He was much more like a sheep—a mild obstinate stupid sheep, with a white woolly head and white woolly whiskers.

"I am Clarissa Alayn," I began as soon as I had seated myself in the chair he waved me. "My mother was Clarissa Alayn too, only first she was Clarissa Murray; and she had a brother named Jim—I mean James—James Murray, who ran away to sea years ago—and I found your advertisement last night inside an old box; and, if you know of anything to my advantage, will you please tell me as quickly as you can, because I have to go to Russia in about an hour?"

I dare say I said it all very fast and that Mr. Pouchem was unused to having such a voluble client; but still I was surprised that he should speak in quite such a bewildered helpless fashion.

"To go to Russia in an hour?" he exclaimed. "But, my dear young lady, it can't be done!"

I tried to explain more slowly; and to this day I am not sure that he really was so very stupid or only exceedingly obstinate and determined not to be hurried.

When I had told him my name and my business not more than three times, and he had said "Exactly" and "Precisely so" to everything, he summoned a clerk. I heard them saying something in an undertone about "another of those Alayns," and I turned very red and hot, and wished I had not come, and thought about poor Harold waiting all this time for me down at those horrid docks. And still the sheepish Mr. Pouchem and his fox-faced clerk conversed aside, and looked through papers that were put away in a little tin box labelled "A to C." At last my impatience and vexation with myself for having been so foolish as to come and lose so much time on my very last morning in England grew unbearable; I rose and went forward to the sheepish old gentleman.

"I really must go," I said hastily. "I am going out as a governess to Russia, and my passage has been taken for me. If you find you have anything to say to me, please write, addressing to the care of the Von Konatskys."

"You won't go out to Russia, will you," Mr. Pouchem replied, and there was something approaching animation in his eyes at last, "if you find that, by proving you are Clarissa Alayn's daughter, you can claim an income of four hundred a year—eh?"

"Four hundred a year?" I said faintly; and I forgot all about Russia and the Von Konatskys, and became as patient as even Mr. Pouchem could have wished.

The steamer was to leave at eleven o'clock; but it was twelve o'clock before I left Mr. Pouchem's office and ran past the dismantled church, with its dismal monuments looking down upon the heaps of brickwork and rubbish beneath them. As soon as I got to Cheapside I called a hansom, and ordered the man to drive to Harold's office: and then I leaned back comfortably and arranged my hair at the scrap of a glass in the cab. I was surprised to find that I looked much as usual —a little flushed and excited and with a suspicion of tears about my eyes—that was all.

"I dare say I was pretty much the same as this yesterday," I said to myself, with a slight touch of annoyance; "yet to-day I am Clarissa Alayn, a young woman of property, and yesterday I was only Clarissa Alayn, a penniless governess."

Then I smiled and thought of Harold.

I waited in the hansom while I sent up a note to him. When he came down to speak to me, white and worried did he look, poor fellow, after his morning spent in waiting at the docks!

"You must get leave to come away with me now for the whole day," I told him peremptorily. "Something has happened, and I need you."

And somehow he obtained leave and came.

"You don't intend driving about in a hansom this morning, do you, Clary?" he asked a little anxiously. "Hadn't we better go wherever it is by 'bus?"

I shook my head. And then I took him for the most amazing drive I ever had in my life, or that he had either, for that matter, though I believe, that, of the two, I enjoyed it more, for at first I would explain nothing to him. It was cruel of me, but I enjoyed keeping my secret for just a little longer.

One of the amusements that Harold and I had indulged in in our poor days was to go and look at the fascinating shop-windows in Oxford Street and Regent Street and choose things for one another that we were to buy when our ship came in. I remember that in this fanciful way I often got perfectly tired of very handsome things that remained in the windows long; and it used to be one of my little jokes to say to Harold, when at last they disappeared, that I was glad I had worn them out at last. It was all very foolish, I dare say; but, when people cannot have many of the ordinary pleasures of life, it is a pity if they cannot manufacture a few original ones for themselves,

Now however we drove to these very places and really went in boldly—at least, I was bold—and asked for these very things, and bought a good many of them—really bought them—presents for Harold, presents for me, presents to us. I think, when Harold saw the money in my purse —the bank-notes, crisp and flabby, and the shining gold—he began to doubt his own sanity, for I saw him put his hand up once or twice and feel his forehead in a vaguely uncomfortable way. But I would explain nothing till the hansom had put us down at Buszard's. Then, when we were safely inside that delightful establishment and I had ordered the very luncheon we had always decided on having when we were rich, Harold looked at me so appealingly that I really could not keep it up another moment.

"Will you be so good as to tell me what it means?" said he.

"It means," I replied, "that my mother had a young rascal of a brother who was named 'Jim,' and who ran away to sea and was never heard of again. But that did not prevent his making a tremendous lot of money in the gold-fields of Australia and becoming Mr. James Francis Murray of Black Dog in that country. And, when he died, he left ever so much money to institutions of all sorts, and ten thousand pounds to my mother or her children. So there is four hundred a year for us in future for all our lives, and six years' back income lying in the bank besides. Now do eat your luncheon!"

The only sad part of the story is that now that the time had really come for us to have that wonderful luncheon at Buszard's we were both far too excited to do it justice. Since then however we have made up for that.

Of course it took some time to get everything quite settled; but, as I had proved my identity sufficiently on the first morning to cause the sedate Mr. Pouchem to allow me to draw on him for any funds that I wanted immediately, I never really had any trouble about the matter.

Harold was able after that to give up his work at the offices and to go into business for himself; and his gains have long ago beaten my little poor four hundred a year.

He did not start on this however till after we had come back from our honeymoon, two facts about which may prove of interest—I packed my wedding garments in the old box for luck, and we did not go to Russia.

The Skipper's Wife.

BY A. P. S.

THE fishing fleet had set out early in the morning. The atmosphere was very clear, and the boats could still be seen in the distance, strung out in a long line across the horizon, between the Criel beach and the Pointe de Cayeux. Out there they seemed to ride more easily than when they left the harbor.

A few sailors' wives, children, and old men still loitered on the jetty, all in excellent humor, for with such weather there should certainly be a fine haul of fish. The sea was admirably blue: but, lashed by the wind, it broke into little waves, which rushed, white-capped, toward the shore.

"Do you see it yet, mamma?" asked a little fellow who had stayed away from school that morning in order to see his father start with the fleet.

Mme Fournier took her son up in her arms and held a marine glass before his eyes.

"T 672," he read aloud. "They are casting the lead."

He would have remained a long time watching his father's sloop as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, but his mother led him away. They must go back to the house to their work.

Mme. Fournier stopped mechanically in the middle of the quay to look at a fine English three master, the "Harding," which came every week with a cargo of coal. A sailor leaning on the rail of the ship saw her and waved his cap gaily to her. She turned away and hurried up the Rue de la Falaise to her home.

Two hours later the loungers of the Rue de la Falaise were greatly surprised to see Master Fournier, the owner of the fishing sloop T 672, hastening angrily homeward. He had not entered the house before his neighbors had run to learn the reason of his sudden return.

Why had he come back? It was that way they had of leaving port, with all sails set, whatever the weather, which was known all up and down the coast as "Treport sailing"—a custom that nothing can induce the Treport fishers to abandon, despite the fact that it has often caused such accidents as that which had overtaken the "Saint Laurent, T 672." Her backstay had broken, and Fournier had to come back to port for repairs. These were already under way, and, once he had his men at work, he had come up to see his wife a moment.

"Your wife—she has gone out, but she will be back directly."

He thanked his neighbors and sat down to await her return.

He was pouring himself a glass of thin wine from the pitcher he had drawn that morning before leaving, when he noticed the inkstand open on the table and the pen beside it, still wet with ink. It was his son's pen and ink stand, but as the little fellow never wrote during the day, he concluded that his wife must have been writing. Almost at the same moment he noticed a letter in the blue vase on the mantel, and, without thinking, he opened it and read:

MME FOURNIER,—I love you more than I can tell. I implore you to set a time when we can meet. You are free—your husband is gone. HARRY EVANS.

"My God!" cried Fournier. "Harry Evans!"

He knew him well, this handsome English sailor of the "Harding;" a tall fellow, fair, with the complexion of a girl and tender blue eyes. He sprang up to rush to the quay and strangle the Englishman, when he heard his wife returning. Evidently she had answered that insulting letter, and she would tell him what answer she had given. He trusted his wife.

"I hurried back," she said, as she came in. "I heard of the accident as I was doing my marketing."

As she laid the purchases she had made on the table, he had time to thrust the letter back into the vase. He would wait for her to speak.

Mme Fournier continued to busy herself with her household duties. He watched her and he found her still young, browned like himself, almost as tall, gracefully poised on her pointed sabots, and with a waist still slender. She wore a new skirt of red stuff and a trim gray jacket; at her throat she had a brooch that he had given her on her birthday, and in her ears were the golden ear-rings that had been his wedding gift.

From time to time she looked at him with a smile. She was not surprised to see him looking sombre after the accident. She did not say anything about it, for she had given him her advice on the subject long ago, and it was the sole matter on which they disagreed. His father had taken his sloop out in the fashion, and the son would always take his out in the same way.

"Wife, have you nothing new to tell me?"

"Nothing, my dear husband."

His face contracted as with a sudden pain. His wife, thinking it due to chagrin at the accident, kissed him tenderly. He pressed her to him with unaccustomed force. Never, even in the fiercest tempest, had he suffered as he suffered now. Suspicion, entering his simple, loyal heart, ravaged it terribly.

"Well, good-bye. I am going to the harbor. We shall go out with the next tide if the backstay is repaired. Good-bye."

He calmly watched the work of reparation, which went on apace. At two o'clock his wife brought him the luncheon; at five his son came to wish him good-bye; and that evening he set sail again, after having seen the "Harding" leave Treport for England. But the crew of the "Saint Laurent" said one to another, "There is something wrong with the master."

The following Saturday, after a terrible tempest, the fishing fleet returned to Treport, laden with a fine catch of fish. Master Fournier looked quickly to see if the English three-master were at the quay, but she was not there. Disembarking, he learned that the "Harding" had gone down in sight of Spithead, and that all on board had been lost.

Harry Evans, then, was dead. His wife alone knew the truth. He would not dare to question her. He would never know the truth—he would doubt her always!

One week he came back on Tuesday, and the news spread that the "Saint Laurent" had brought back the corpse of a drowned man. According to the custom of that part of the coast, Master Fournier had given orders to return to port, losing his catch of fish in order to bury the dead.

Accompanied by two of his sailors, he made his deposition before the commissioner, and the latter made him sign the declaration that "the body of a drowned man had been recovered by the "Saint Laurent" at a point fifteen miles south-south-west of Spithead, the head having almost disappeared, and the arms reduced to bones; no papers, no marks to establish identity; supposed, from the place of drowning, in default of other evidence, to have been one of the crew of the 'Harding.'"

Early the next morning a funeral procession traversed the village and bore to the little church the remains of the unknown sailor found by the "Saint Laurent." Behind the coffin walked the sailors of the "Saint Laurent," their master at their head, and behind came the wives of the sailors.

Fournier and his wife remained at the cemetery while the trench was being filled. When they raised their eyes they saw the sea lying at rest under a leaden sky, and all objects, the quay, the beach, and the harbor, seemed softened by the mist that enveloped them. It was a day of infinite calm, filled with the gentle melancholy that men of the sea feel when the sun goes down.

He led his wife to a little knoll a few paces away from the cemetery. He wished to speak with her alone.

"Wife," he said, "do you know for whom you have come to pray?"

She trembled and pressed her husband's hand. She had never seen him so solemn.

"The man we have just buried was Harry Evans. Wait!"

Mme Fournier turned pale. Her husband handed her a paper, stained as if with water

"Wife, I have doubted you. My punishment is to accuse myself of it. I read the letter he dared to write to you—and I have been very miserable. The other night, when this drowned man was found, I alone searched him. I could not show to others, not even to the commissioner, the only paper he had on him, in a little bag of oiled silk. The water had dimmed it a little, but I have read it nevertheless."

It was the answer written to the handsome English sailor by Mme Fournier.

SIR,—I love my husband—that is the sole answer I can make to your letter. I shall say nothing to my husband, for he would kill you. Never come here again."

"Wife, do you forgive me?"

"Oh, my poor husband, how you have suffered!"

From that day Master Fournier grew young and gay again.

FAT WIVES.—The people in portions of Africa have many curious customs and superstitions, and among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife, Speke thus described her:—

"I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose, stuffed puddings. The chief, pointing to his wife said:

"'This is the product of our milk-pots; from early youth upwards we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives."

A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all-fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her. This is the result:

"Round the arm, twenty-three inches; chest, fifty-two inches; thigh, thirty-one inches; calf, twenty inches; height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have laid her on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat before us sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A physician points out that fat people endure most kinds of illness much better than thin people, because they have an extra amount of nutriment stored away in their tissues to support them during the ordeal. Moreover, there are many other consolations for persons of abundant girth. They are generally optimists by nature, genial and jolly companions, whose society is universally preferred to that of people with angular frames and dispositions.

Kleptomania, according to a medical man, is not so rare a disorder of the nervous system as is naturally supposed. It is common enough. One of the best evidences of the disease is the brightness of color of the things stolen. A kleptomaniac seldom, if ever, steals money. Nothing excites the cupidity of a diseased mind so much as color, and, as a rule, it will be found that the goods taken by kleptomaniacs are bright or colored to a high degree.

A typical old-fashioned German wedding was celebrated in Bryant, S. D., on a recent Sunday. The wedding procession was preceded by a herald on horseback, decorated with streaming ribbons, who galloped up and down the principal streets of the town yelling at the top of his voice and waving banners, evergreens, beer bottles, etc. All the people turned out to witness the novel spectacle, and when the bride and groom approached they were greeted by loud applause.

It is interesting to read that the British Medical Association has investigated hypnotism, affirmed that it is a genuine force, and advised that its use should be forbidden to all except physicians. That is just like the doctors. If after endless trouble you succeed in convincing them of the value of some novelty in therapeutics, they turn on you at the first chance and proclaim that the thing is indeed a good thing, but that they are the only folks fit to be trusted with its application. And the best of it is that the public usually agrees with them.

The enterprising burglar appears to be adding fastidiousness to his other and more venturesome qualities. The vast amount of imitation now existing in the goldsmith's and the jeweler's trade has made him suspicious, and fully conscious of the fact that it is not all gold that glitters. Nor, indeed, are they all diamonds that sparkle. To avoid encumbering himself and distending his pockets in a suspicious manner with property which is practically valueless, the modern housebreaker provides himself with chemical tests by which he may gauge the real worth of the articles he desires to annex.

The Russian Government, in order to prevent the abuses caused by the physicians' bills, has just published a regulation fixing the fees to be claimed by doctors. The cities are divided into three classes—those with more than 50,000, those having from 5000 to 50,000, and those of less than 5000. The patients are also divided into three classes; the first including capitalists, proprietors, manufacturers, etc.; the second, members of the liberal professions, and the third, the rest of the population. The fees are of three grades: Five rubles for the patients of the first class, three rubles for those of the second, and 30 kopecks for people of the third class.

The figures punched through a check to prevent "raising" by dishonest parties is not a sure preventive, as forgers have gotten the better of that supposed absolute security, quotes an Indianapolis paper. They have a certain kind of papier mache which they use to fill up the holes; then by placing the check under heavy hot irons they remove all trace of the original figures. Then they punch other numbers in another part of the paper. A check so doctored can be easily detected, however, by simply rolling it up and twisting it in several directions rather briskly. If doctored, the papier mache in the holes will drop out, and expose the attempted rascality.

It may be a surprise to most people to know that nearly all the royal personages of Europe are cousins, and not very far removed, as it has been laid down by a German genealogist that every crowned head of Europe, bar Turkey, is descended from one of two sisters who lived about 150 years ago. These ladies were the daughters of Duke Ludwig Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel. Princess Elisabeth, the elder, married the Emperor Charles VI., and became the ancestress of all the Roman Catholic reigning families. The younger, Princess Antoinette, was the grandmother of King Frederick William II. of Prussia, and consequently the ancestress of all the Protestant Royalties, including the Orthodox House of Russia and Greece.

The floral decoration of shops is a novelty. A London house of business was recently almost turned into a bower of roses, and all the ladies on entering the doors of the establishment were presented with roses. They passed beneath archways of roses as they proceeded from department to department; the baby-linen counters being decked with rosebuds. The occasion of this floral outburst was the inauguration of the summer season of the firm. The idea was, in the practical outcome, very successful, for, if expensive, the report of the novelty brought hundreds, perhaps thousands, of extra visitors in the course of the two or three days during which the flowers were to be seen, being kept in floral repair by a large daily supply of freshly-cut blooms.

Liege is a city of large wealth and industrial activity, and employing as many horses as any other town of its size in Europe, and yet for every horse two dogs are to be seen in harness in the streets. They are to be met at all hours of the day, but in the early morning the boulevards are literally alive with them. Traffickers (mostly women) with gaily-painted carts drawn by well fed dogs are then seen striving to be first in the market-place. A pretty, bareheaded Walloon peasant girl moving briskly at the side of a flower cart drawn by a stalwart mastiff is a pleasing vision to the early riser. But the gardener is not alone, the butcher also, the baker, the grocer—common carriers of all kinds, indeed—engage his services. His step is so much quicker than that of the horse that will in an hour cover twice the distance, and carry with him a greater burden in proportion to his size.

"We had to write about George Washington to-day," said a Western schoolboy to his mother. "I hope you didn't forget to tell about the cherry-tree?" "Oh, no! I said he sawed it down." "Sawed it down! He chopped it down with a hatchet." "Yes, I know; but I couldn't spell 'hatchet.'"

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents

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Our Young Folks.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

BY SHEILA.

BENJY," they said—and it was said with emphasis—"must go to school: it was high time, for he was growing up a regular young dunce."

The only person who disagreed with this proposition was Benjy himself; everybody else declared it would be a capital thing for him. Master Benjamin Bunning did not take kindly to learning, although he was very active about the farm, shouting "Gee-wo!" to the horses, chivying the hens, and paying the pigs compliments that took the shape of anything he could find handy to throw at them.

Yes, he was always busy, was Benjy; yet, if you actually set him to do something he was generally too tired to do it, or he had a headache or a curious kind of backache, that came on suddenly.

Then Benjy could not be made to see the use of lessons: reading was bad, and writing was worse—except for the fun of inking your fingers—and "tables" never ought to have been invented at all.

Nevertheless, Benjy, with his face newly washed—which was always a trial—was taken by his mother to Dame Honeysett's school, near the church. He dragged behind all the way, but that did not prevent arriving there at length; and Benjy stood on one leg and grinned while his mother introduced him in these words—

"Mrs. Honeysett, I've brought you my lad Benjy. A' could larn if a' would, but a' won't."

The dame looked at the culprit in an awful kind of way through her spectacles.

"He'll have to learn here, though, Mrs. Bunning," she said, and took up, as if by accident, the birch rod that lay on a chair. Benjy regarded this suggestive instrument with great interest, but no alarm. He decided that even a good thwack wouldn't hurt much if your coat were thick.

"Then I'll leave him with you, Mrs. Honeysett, ma'am," said Mrs. Bunning. "Benjy, you be a good boy and do as you are bid, or you'll get the stick"; and with that she departed.

Benjy looked inclined to bolt after her, but the dame cleverly got between him and the door, and he found himself set to learn that c-a-t spelt cat, and that "Mat had a fat rat."

This was not very interesting, so he slyly pulled the hair of the little girl next him on one side, and pinched Joey Marston, who sat on the other. Joey immediately giggled, and Dame Honeysett looked round sharply.

"Benjy Bunning pulled my hair," announced Susie Carter, with great distinctness. She was a prim little girl, and did not like to be touched.

"Benjy Bunning had better take care what he is doing," said the dame, in a warning voice; and for two minutes and a half Master Benjy sat still. At the end of that time he nudged Joey, and pointed to his slate. On it, Benjy, who was clever with his pencil, had drawn a spirited pig, galloping along like a racer. Joey was delighted.

"Benjy, do drore a camel with a great big hump," he besought, in an earnest whisper.

Benjy produced a remarkable animal, which was more hump than camel, but Joey admired it greatly, and Susie Carter felt obliged to look.

"Benjy, can you do a lion roaring and swinging his tail?" she whispered eagerly.

But this was rather beyond the young artist, so he drew a cow standing on its hind legs instead. The children's heads were close together, their eyes intent upon the slate, when all at once there came a "Twack!" that made the two boys start violently. The dame's birch rod had descended upon their backs, and there was the dame herself looking at them severely through her round spectacles.

"Benjy Bunning, you'll have to learn your lessons in a separate room," said she, taking him by the arm. "You are a very naughty, disturbing boy!" and the birch rod came down upon his back again.

"Oh, please, can't I stay here?" pleaded Benjy, who had visions of being shut up in a dark cupboard or the coal-cellar.

"Then go and sit at the end of the form," commanded the dame, "and don't speak a single word, or look about you."

Benjy, with a serious air, took his spelling-book to the end of the form. The next boy eyed him with distrust, hoping Benjy would not tickle him, or put anything down his back, or do any other naughty thing to get him into disgrace; for Dame Honeysett was rather a strict mistress, and her pupils knew that they had to mind what she said.

Still, in spite of their awe of the mistress, it was very clear that Master Benjamin Bunning had an unsettling influence upon the class. The small scholars fidgeted, and forgot their spelling, and what "twice four and one over" came to, all through wondering what that naughty Benjy would do next.

"Benjy, sit round the other way, and turn your face to the wall!" cried the dame, catching the young monkey in the act of making a frightful grimace at Susie Carter.

Benjy twirled round obediently, and presented a view of his back hair—a very untidy mop—to the company. For a few moments there was peace, during which time Joey Marston tried to spell lamb, with nearly every other letter of the alphabet at the end of it except a b.

Then he sat down, gave a sudden howl, and slid on to the floor, the next boy, Dicky Marsh, coming on the top of him, and Susie Carter trying to save herself by clutching wildly at nothing.

It was that bad boy Benjy who had tipped up the form, and there he stood, his eyes dancing with delight, and a broad smile upon his face.

Dame Honeysett descended upon him promptly; and this time there was no reprieve.

Benjy, in spite of his struggles, was borne away to the next room, and locked up in a large cupboard, there to ponder upon his misdeeds. For five minutes or so he kicked against the door and yelled at the top of his voice; but nobody paying attention, the young gentleman presently subsided, and ate an apple that by a piece of good fortune was in his pocket. After that he tried to cut a hole in the door with his pen-knife; an old thing with only half a blade, which a friend had given him in exchange for a dead mouse.

But the knife breaking, he could not manage to cut a large enough hole to crawl through, which was his plan of escape; so he curled himself up on the floor, and went to sleep. There wasn't much room for his boots, but he tucked them up as best he could; and that was how the dame found him when she came to release him.

"Are you a good boy now?" she cried through the keyhole.

There was no answer, so she unlocked the door, and the culprit tumbled out in a heap, yawning. Joey Marston was in the corner with a dunce's cap on his head, and the dame gave them each a spelling-book.

"School is over, and you two are kept in," she said. "Now be quick and learn your lesson"; and she left the room to fetch something. Quick as thought, Benjy darted down upon Joey, pulled the cap off and danced upon it. Then he picked up a pencil, and looked about to see what mischief he could do with it. The wall was nice and white, and Benjy had a brilliant idea.

Just under the map of the world he began to draw a curious-looking figure, very stiff and wooden, like a Dutch doll. It looked all the funnier because he was using his left hand to draw it with. Joey crept out of his corner, and looked on in wondering admiration.

"Why, that was meant for the dame herself! Give her a pair of spectacles, Benjy," he cried eagerly.

Benjy stepped back to admire his work of art, and saw the schoolmistress returning. For a moment the young artist felt really alarmed. He wished the figure were not quite so like the dame; but to Benjy's thinking it was an admirable portrait, and there was no hope of its not being recognized as such. Besides, he had made a mess of the nice clean wall, and that in itself was worthy of the cupboard or the birch rod. What was to be done? Joey, with a scared face, had skipped back to his corner, and was trying to fix the battered dunce's cap upon his head, thereby making a regular little object of himself. Benjy looked wildly about for some means of escape; he felt that he had had enough school for one day, and wished that his education were completed. The window was open, and it was not far from the ground; in a twinkling naughty Benjy was out of it, and in ten minutes he was at home, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

But his father met the dame, and came back with a very stern face; and Benjy had a whipping and was sent to bed.

And so ended Benjamin Bunning's first day at school.

How a Race was Won.—The officers of an Indian regiment, on the march from a station far down country, wished to have a day's fun at steeple-chasing; so, at the first halt they made, they got every native officer mounted, and extemporised hurdles, hedges, and ditches. The "mounts" were of all kinds, from the grass-cutter's ragged pony to the subaltern's Waler. When the signal was given, a fair start was made; but there was one sowar who could not be induced to take the first jump. By shoutings, by beatings, and terrible "whoops," he was at last forced to take his steed over. All attention was then directed towards the field, and he was never thought of. Suddenly however somebody called attention to the fact that the recalcitrant sowar was riding like a demon, taking every jump in splendid style. Wonder culminated when this sowar actually passed the winning-post first, with his mouth open, and his eyes starting out of their sockets. When complimented on his riding, he only groaned and looked fearfully behind him, his teeth chattering the while. When the other riders came up, this extraordinary conduct was explained. It appears that, after his horse had taken the first jump, he came up with a brother sowar who had been "spilled." He next made the acquaintance of the brother sowar's horse, which charged for him ferociously with yawning mouth. Inspired with the desperation of terror, he spurred his horse to the quick, but the riderless steed was equal to the occasion, and followed him remorselessly. Jump after jump he took with the open mouthed brute close behind him; and it was not until he had been chased close up to the winning-post, and chased literally into winning the race, that his irresponsible but savage pursuer was captured.

ANECDOTES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing better illustrates Michael Angelo's character than the different modes in which he met the various criticisms upon his works, according as they were just or unjust, or, if the latter, were dictated by ignorance or prejudice. When Lorenzo de Medici objected to his head of a fawn, "How is it that you have given your fawn a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such old fellows are sure to have lost some of them?" it seemed, says Condivi, a hundred years to the youth before Lorenzo took his leave; so anxious was he to profit by what he felt to be a most just criticism. He lost no time in removing some of the teeth, and in forming the sockets which defined their places.

But when the master of ceremonies at the papal court, Biagio di Cesena, complained to the pope of Michael Angelo's great picture of the "Last Judgment," because the figures rising from their graves had not on ascension robes, telling him, at the same time, that it was more suited to the walls of a bagnio than to those of a papal chapel, the artist seized his pencil, and changed the features of one of his demons into such a likeness of Biagio that it was impossible to mistake the resemblance. It is terrible to be consigned to such an immortality; yet it is impossible not to laugh in the midst of our pity at the result of Biagio's visit to the pope, to whom he went, in high displeasure, to vent his indignation.

"'Where has he placed you?' said the amused pontiff. 'Placed me! why, in hell,' replied Biagio, with emotion. 'Alas! then,' rejoined the pope, 'he has put you beyond the reach of my help; had it only been in purgatory, I might have delivered you; but in hell there is no redemption."

An anecdote connected with his colossal statue of David, will best illustrate his mode of dealing with unjust, but ignorant criticism.

When, on the appointed day, the ceremonial of elevating the statue into its proper position had been gone through, in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, Michael Angelo himself superintended the removal of the guard-boards. Soderini, who was at this moment just beneath the statue, expressed himself perfectly enchanted. 'There is, however, he added, one slight defect, which can easily be corrected—the nose is rather too thick.' Michael Angelo saw the worthy magistrate was placed as to be incapable of really judging of this feature; but, as there was no time for discussion, he seemed to assent to the criticism, and catching up, unperceived, some marble dust, and mounting a temporary bridge on the side of the statue, affected to work lightly on the nose with a file, letting fall at the same moment some of the dust in his hand on the head of Soderini. He then called out, 'How does it look now?' 'I am perfectly satisfied,' replied the gonfalonier. 'You have actually imparted life to it.' The artist descended quite as much pleased with the success of his stratagem as the worthy functionary with his own critical discernment.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 6000 different intoxicants.

The average life of a ship is about 26 years.

A ton of steel will make 10,000 gross of pens.

Tailless cats, with purple eyes, are common in Siam.

A steam bicycle has made its appearance in Germany.

In Japan there is no proper translation of the word God.

Among recent patents is one for "improvements in coffins."

The United States contain 194,000 square miles of coal fields.

The woman physician to the Queen of Corea gets about $15,000 a year.

Condors have been killed in Peru with wings 40 feet wide from tip to tip.

Horses sleep with one ear pointed to the front; but why, no man can tell.

The Swiss post office conveys anything, from a postal card to barrels of wine.

Pansy leaves spread among furs and woolen articles will protect them from moths.

The organ grinders in Vienna are permitted to play only between mid day and sunset.

Until 1836 an English murderer was hanged on the second day after his conviction.

There are in the United States about 46,000,000 sheep and about the same number of pigs.

The kangaroo readily leaps from sixty to seventy feet. The longest recorded leap of a horse is 37 feet.

Scientists maintain that the belief in the hair and nails growing after death is entirely fallacious

In Japan it is peculiarly easy to procure a divorce, as neither lawyer, judge nor jury is required

Out of every 1,000,000 letters that pass through the post-office it is calculated that only 20 go astray.

The care of the forests in Germany supports 200,000 families, and involves an annual expenditure of $40,000,000.

A blacksmith's tools of the present day are almost identical with those used in the same trade over 300 years ago.

On the death of a person in Madrid it is the custom to close for nine days an outer door of that person's late residence

Among the recent inventions, it is said, is a cradle which rocks by clockwork mechanism and at the same time plays baby tunes.

A gentleman living in Jersey City is reported to be the proud possessor of 3000 door knobs, but it is not stated how he obtained them.

The greatest fish-eaters in the world are the Japanese. The eating of meat is mostly confined to the rich, and even they use it sparingly.

Butter packed in kegs made from white fir staves is said to have imparted to it neither taste nor smell. It is extensively used in California.

Among the burghs of Scotland the highest proportion of domestic servants is in Edinburgh, where there are about 80 to every 100 of the inhabitants.

A new English dictionary offers the following definitions: Bicycle — Pleasure's treadmill. Ink—A black fluid often used to make black seem white.

The biggest dog ever known was a St. Bernard named Plinlimmon, exhibited in England in 1886. He stood 35 inches high at the shoulder and weighed 214 pounds.

The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchres, nor in the tombs of the Phœnicians.

Cats die at an elevation of 13,000 feet, even though they are reputed to have nine lives when on a level with the ocean. Dogs and men can climb the greatest known natural elevations.

The Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City is the most perfect whispering gallery in the world. The dropping of a pin into a silk hat at one end of the huge structure is distinctly heard by persons at the other end.

To make animals unconscious before slaughtering is considered humane in Berne, Switzerland. A test was recently made there by legal enactment, and it took six quarts of alcohol to render an ox unconsciously drunk.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for man to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London

Cremation is gaining favor in France and Japan. Last year, in the crematorium of the Pere la Chaise cemetery, in Paris, there were 741 cremations. In Tokio, the chief city of Japan, the average number of cremations is 30 a day.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

BY W. W. LONG.

She comes across the meadow-grass,
Love's daughter, sweet and fair;
Red roses on her dimpled cheeks,
And zephyr in her hair.

She gazes down the meadow-way,
Where sun-fires burn the west;
The dusk of evening in her eyes,
The peace of heaven within her breast.

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

Up to the year 1818 Trial by Battle, as the legal mode of testing a man's character or probity by fighting was denominated, remained a portion of the English law.

The wager of battle, like the ordeals of fire, water, touching the murdered body, and other extraordinary and now obsolete modes of finding out the better or worse man, of course originated in the superstitious belief that Providence would in all cases give the victory to him who had the right upon his side; yet, in spite of this belief, we find some rather singular regulations provided against the battle going too obviously wrong. Such, for instance, as that a party detected in the very commission of the act alleged against him, or under circumstances that left no possible doubt of his guilt, could not claim the right of trial by combat. It would have been so very awkward if he had been victor after all.

One important difference, however, existed in the conduct of the civil and criminal cases. In criminal matters, the accuser and accused met on the field and fought it out in person; in civil suits the parties fought by proxy. Each employed a sort of physical force barrister. The reason for this, as given by Judge Blackstone, is, that if any party to the suit dies, the suit must abate, and be at an end for the present; and, therefore, no judgment could be given for the lands in question, if either of the parties were slain in battle.

Another reason was, that no person should be allowed to claim exemption from this mode of trial in a civil action, while there were many circumstances under which the accused party in a criminal charge was deprived of his choice of trial, and compelled to submit the inquiry to a jury. The fact of the accuser being a female, or under age, or above the age of sixty, or in holy orders, or a peer of the realm, or any one expressly privileged from the trial by battle, by some charter of the king (as were the citizens of London among others), or laboring under some material personal defect, as blindness or loss of a limb; any of these were sufficient ground for refusing the wager of battle.

A brief account of the solemnities observed on the occasion of judicial duels may prove interesting. In a civil trial of a writ of right—by which it was sought to obtain possession of lands or tenements, in the occupation of another—the tenant pleaded the general issue, that is to say, that he had more right to hold than the demandant had to recover, and offered to prove it by the body of his champion. This offer was accepted, the champion was produced, who, throwing down his glove as a gage or pledge, waged or stipulated battle, with the champion of the opposing party. The latter accepted the challenge by picking up the glove.

A piece of ground, sixty feet square, was set out, enclosed with lists, with seats erected for the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; who presided at these trials in their full scarlet robes, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeant-at-law. As soon as the Court had assembled, at sun-rising, proclamation was made for the parties and their champions. These were introduced by two knights, and dressed in coats of armor, with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons they were furnished with, though formidable were not deadly. Indeed a fatal termination to these civil combats were rarely if ever known. They were armed only with batons, or staves of an ell long, and each carried a four-cornered leathern shield.

On their arrival in the lists, the champion of the tenant took his adversary by the hand, and made oath that the tenements in dispute were not the property of the demandant, the champion of the claimant in precisely the same form, swore in answer that they were.

Next, both champions took an oath they had not made use of any sorcery or enchantment to assist them in the fight. The usual form of this was as follows: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither eat nor drank, nor have upon me neither bones, stones, nor grass (!) nor any enchantment, sorcery nor witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the devil may be exalted. So help me God and his Saints."

Then the fight commenced, and they were bound to fight the whole day through, until the stars appeared, or until one was beaten. If the victory could be achieved either by the death of a champion (a very rare occurrence,) or by either proving recreant, that is by yielding, and pronouncing the horrible word Craven, a word of no absolute meaning, "but," says Blackstone, "a horrible word indeed to the vanquished champion, since as a punishment to him for forfeiting the lands of his principal by pronouncing that shameful word, he is deemed as a recreant amittere liberam legem, that is to become infamous, being supposed by the event to be foresworn, and therefore, never to be put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause!"

An After Dinner Nap.—Physicians now declare that any one who feels inclined to sleep after a meal is committing a crime against his digestion by not indulging his somnolency. The theory that these iconoclasts advance is, that when a person has taken a heavy dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion. The brain cannot meet this demand unless the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence the benefit of "forty winks." The theory is one that will find many adherents and many converts, and the restless, energetic housekeepers, who seem to solve the problem of perpetual motion, should take a place in the foremost ranks. Dyspeptics will find this a very pleasant medicine and if there are some who still think it an indolent practice, all we can hope for is their reformation.

Grains of Gold.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is still better.

Heaven finds a new joy every time a sinner repents.

A life of crime is often the result of running in debt.

It is foolishness to try to reason about what we cannot know.

Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful.

The day becomes longer every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.

The gratification of wealth is not found in mere possession nor in lavish expenditure; but in its wise application.

Slanderers and liars are twin brothers, born under the same star, living on the same planet, governed by the same unruly member—the tongue.

Femininities.

Water-lilies are used for food in India, China and Japan.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.

Fashion plates came in use during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

"Miss Oldgirl has most lovely teeth!" "Yes; like her sex, they are fair but false."

A writer has figured that an average of 27,000 widowers remarry, as against 18,500 widows.

Two hundred women are employed by Edison in working at the more delicate details of his electrical inventions.

A.: "Has she given you any encouragement?" B.: "Oh, yes. She says she will get all her father's money when he dies."

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

The jewels of Mme. Tetrazzino, the most famous prima donna in South America, were recently seized for debt, when it was found that all the gems were made of paste.

A woman, 80 years old, living four miles from Bethany, Nebraska, walked to Bethany and back the other day. She assists in the milking and does her share of the housework.

The Empress of Austria lately ordered that 50,000 rose trees should be planted around the statue of Heine, to be erected on her property at Corfu, on a rock over 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

A unique case is announced from Toronto, Ont. A woman who was too lazy to bake her own bread bought a loaf from a baker, and while eating a slice of it swallowed a pin. Now she is suing the baker for heavy damages.

The notion of wearing real jewels in the bonnet is one which has taken the fancy of some ladies whose jewel cases are well furnished. It permits an individuality of decoration that would always be pleasant if fashion would permit it.

Widows seldom re-marry in China, and widowhood is esteemed as a condition of the highest respectability. When a widow attains her fiftieth year, the Government supplies her with a tablet on which her virtues are embla zoned. This is displayed over the door of her house.

The Empress of Germany is in the habit of writing for a few minutes daily in her diary. Nobody ever sees the contents of the diary—not even the Emperor. At the close of the year a new diary is opened, and the old one, which has a locked clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing Her Majesty's personal jewelry.

A servant in Russia is expected to provide her own mattress, and can pitch her moving camp in any odd corner she finds suitable; the idea of providing rooms for servants would strike a Russian housekeeper as something supremely ridiculous. The servants sleep on the kitchen stove in winter and in the corridor or out in the yard in summer.

A novel-looking shoe for women is a house slipper, having no fastenings; it is also meant for wear on the street. It consists of a high, whole vamp and a high back in one piece, the latter overlapping the former considerably at the sole, much as the toilet slipper does. The foot is easily slipped into the adaptable opening notwithstanding the height of the shoe.

A young woman attempted suicide at Ballarat, Australia, by throwing herself into a large dam. A Chinaman, who was near at hand, pluckily jumped in and rescued her, but the girl broke away from him and threw herself a second time into the water. The Chinaman again went to the rescue, and, despite violent struggles on the part of the girl got her out safely.

The Empress of Austria is an enthusiastic Greek scholar, although she did not learn the language of Homer till she was nearly fifty. Her Majesty spends much of her time at a palace she built for herself in the beautiful island of Corfu. In token of her Hellenic enthusiasm it is called "Achilleion," and the palace is filled with statues and pictures of famous Grecians, while on the seashore her Majesty has a splendid Pompeiian bath-house. It is in these classical studies that she has found consolation for having had to give up, with advancing age, her favorite recreation—riding.

It is said that one of the most frequent causes of freckles is a defective digestion, and that a proper diet will often cause them to disappear. Brown bread and all coarse foods, also vegetables, are recommended. Tea and coffee must be abstained from, using milk as a substitute. Turkish baths, if not indulged in too freely, are good. A well-known lotion that will not injure the most sensitive skin consists of one-half pint of sour milk and half an ounce of grated horseradish. Let it stand from 6 to 12 hours and wash the face several times a day. This simple remedy is usually effective. Washing the face in a saturated solution of borax in rose water is a very pleasant treatment and equally beneficial.

Masculinities.

The man who loves his duty never slights it.

No one can be happy in this life who is not useful and helpful.

The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not laughed.

There are about 230 John Smiths named in the New York city directory.

A late English nobleman left his horse trainer $80,000, his cook $5000, and his chaplain but $1000.

The boy who goes fishing without permission may sit in the shade, but he usually gets tanned.

The London Figaro says that Prince Bismarck is the possessor of 482 crosses and decorations.

France is the only European country which has to-day fewer able-bodied men than it had 30 years ago.

William Boyer, of Honeybrook, Pa., is the owner of a pair of mittens knitted by his grandmother in 1777.

By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him they make up their minds to help some other man.

A Mr. Waugh, a resident of Umatilla county, Oregon, is another man who has never ridden on a railroad train.

Buffalo can claim the distinction of being the only city in the United States that has furnished two Presidents.

A young man of Paterson, New Jersey, recently sneezed so hard that he jerked, it is said, his shoulder out of joint.

The Chicago police have arrested two lads who were engaged in a prize fight, with their fathers acting as their seconds.

A spaniel owned by Dr. Frederick A. Lyons, of New York city, has adopted a chicken, which it cares for incessantly.

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot soldier in the army of the Czar carries over 68 pounds.

When a man's coat is getting a little old it may be turned. The older his brain is the less excuse there is for its being turned.

Photographs showing images of future husband or wife are sold by a Chicago firm. The supposed correct likeness is caused by a fakish device.

To-morrow you have no business with. Every day has enough to keep every man occupied, without concerning himself with things that lie beyond.

Mrs. Houser: "Is the oath of office I read so much about profane?"

Houser: "Humph! Depends a good deal whether it is taken going in or coming out."

"Do men become what they eat?" asked Porper.

"That is what I think," said Philosophicus.

"Then give me something rich!" said Porper.

"Ah, well," remarked Hardup, cheerfully, as he threw a pile of unopened bills into the waste basket, and touched the office boy for a cigarette, "at least I never borrow trouble."

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is said to be the owner of the smallest book in the world. It is an edition of the sacred book of Sikhs, and is only half the size of a postage stamp.

A London pickpocket has just been sent up for six months for attempting to pick a lady's pocket, though he was able to show that there was no pocket in the dress where he was trying.

She: "Why is it they speak of a man as a 'strong' candidate? He doesn't have to lift anything, does he?"

He: "Er—not exactly; but his friends all expect him to carry the day."

Little King Alfonso, of Spain, is 9 years old. His ninth birthday anniversary was recently celebrated at Madrid by a reception at the palace, a military review and a State dinner, all on a grand scale.

Lieutenant Waethe, of the German Army, who intends to found a vegetarian and anti-clothing colony on a South Pacific island, has not eaten meat in ten years. He neither drinks alcoholic liquor nor smokes.

At a church entertainment at Steubenville, Ohio, recently, Edith Jacobs, aged 80 years, and William Dado, 65 years old, were married by a mock ceremony. Miss Jacobs now claims Dado as her lawful husband.

"Don't you find it very uncomfortable to fast 30 days?" said a visitor to a man who was doing the act in a dime museum.

"Well," replied the freak, "I don't mind telling you confidentially that I can stand fasting 30 days pretty well, so long as I get a square meal every night."

A dingy shop in New York displays in its show window a terrestrial globe that turns on its axis, and so indicates the time of day the world over. Within the shop sits the inventor of this globe clock, repairing other people's clocks and watches. The invention has been patented nearly 20 years; but there is nothing to indicate that the inventor has found it profitable.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Footgear is quite in keeping with other extravagant notions of dress, and fancy-colored shoes are elaborately beaded. A noticeable pair of white satin slippers are worked in a butterfly pattern with silver beads and moonstones. Patent leather is ornamented with an openwork design filled in with jet. And the very latest fad in evening shoes, whether they are black or colored, is scarlet satin heels.

A new material called "bure" is being used in Paris It is coarsely woven, like canvas or nun's veiling, with heavy threads, and has a fancy surface which gives it the appearance of being heavy.

Crepon appears in a new guise, which resembles the rugged stem of old tree bark.

Plaids are coming in again. Fine little checks, with green, yellow and black combined, are the favorable mixture in taffeta silk.

Coarse, pliable straws are a special feature of millinery.

An odd and rather expensive collar band is formed of ostrich feathers fastened at the back with a diamond buckle. A tie of white lace, gathered double, finishes the front.

A cool gray green is one of the new colors which gave a hint of its existence last year, and now appears in silks and crepons under the name of "roseau."

Irish hand-made lines are recommended strongly for summer dresses. They come in a variety of colors which are softer and more becoming than those of last year. Hopsack linen is a desirable novelty, almost as glossy as silk, and, although light in weight, they are strong enough to require no lining.

A new kind of fine Indian muslin, beautifully embroidered with ivory colored thread in various light designs, is being used in place of lace draperies.

Cotton crepon is a desirable material for summer gowns, and it can be had in black and all light tints. It is especially recommended for its laundry qualifications, as it washes perfectly and requires no ironing.

The skirts are very bouffant, but do not hang very differently from those of last season. They are in some cases made up with the haircloth lining, but hang better when made quite separate excepting at the waist and in the back seams.

Shepherd's plaids are greatly in fashion this season. They come in every fabric that is woolen and silk. They have always a certain neat appearance, but unless skillfully made up and combined with some contrasting color they are apt to seem very characterless. The very small checks are not desirable because even if made up with contrasting colors they never seem altogether satisfactory.

Some of the crepon gowns have flounces of guipure or batiste lace a quarter of a yard in width, and there is hardly a smart gown I have seen this season that has not the material on it in some place or another.

A waistcoat of white drill is spotted with yellow, and worn with a brown and white foulard tie.

"Sans Gene" is the name of a short-waisted cute little jacket made of velvet and jetted or embroidered, which is one of the novelties of the season. It is cut square across the waist at the back, square in front, is sleeveless, and worn over any pretty bodice.

Tropical suiting is a new fabric for traveling and morning gowns. It is light in weight and has a smooth surface.

Blazer suits are made of hopsacking and serges of different weaves and degrees of roughness, and black is the most fashionable color. Blazer coats are short and have a broad turnover collar and wide lapels, which may be faced with moire to make them more dressy.

Eton jackets have taken on the addition of circular frills about six inches deep, which form a basque. The front turns back in wide revers, and is sometimes buttoned with one or two buttons at the waist.

The rage for chiffon must be at its height, for it can hardly be employed in more ways than at the present time. It trims wool and silk dresses alike, frilled on in narrow ruffles to take the place of lace. And entire dresses are made of this gauzy stuff.

The latest riding habits have a patent attachment of springs and hooks which will promptly fly apart in case of accident, and leave the rider free, making it impossible to be dragged from the saddle.

Atrocious combinations of color are the newest feature of millinery, which grows brighter as the season advances; a bunch of fuchsia, colored roses in different shades and clusters of violets in one hat are a special Parisian fancy. A jaunty adaptation of the "mortar board" is one of the eccentric shapes. The skull piece is of gilded straw, the flat plateau of velvet, and in the place where the tassel ought to be is a big paste buckle.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Brew a Good Cup of Tea.—In China they pour boiling water into a cup and turn some tea into it, and when the leaves sink to the bottom, which happens in a few seconds, they pour the water off and drink it. We, on the contrary, let the tea "stand" sometimes, even in the drawing room, while in the servant's hall it is allowed regularly to stew on the hob until a brown decoction of equal strength and bitterness is ready to be served, to the detriment of the nerves of all who drink it on account of the tannin squeezed, so to speak, out of the stewed tea leaves. Now, the remedy for this is very easy, and consists in never allowing tea, when made, to stand for more than three minutes at most, or, better still, to have it made in one teapot and poured off into another.

Batter for Fruit Fritters.- The best batter for fruit fritters is made as follows:—Mix the yolks of two eggs with a tablespoonful of sweet oil, an even saltspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of either lemon juice or brandy, according to the use to which the fritter may be put, or as your taste may require. After mixing these ingredients add a cup of flour, and little by little a gill of cold water. The batter may now be set aside or the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth may be stirred into it at once. If it seems too thick add another white of egg It must be just the proper consistency to coat the fruit thoroughly.

Fruit Fritters.—To make an apple-fritter cut the apple (peeled) in slices across the core about a quarter of an inch thick. Remove the core from the centre of each circle and dip the slices, one by one, in the batter, being careful that they are thoroughly coated. Lemon juice or brandy, according to the taste, may be used with these fritters. Pineapple fritters are prepared in the same way with slices of the pineapple, peeled and cored. Lemon juice is better for flavoring the batter for pineapple fritters. With the lobes of oranges from which the seeds have been carefully removed orange-fritters may be made. The yellow rind of half an orange, grated, must be added with the lemon juice to flavor the fritter batter. Do not use brandy.

Clam Fritters.—To make clam-fritters chop fine twenty-five clams. Make the batter from the juice of the clams instead of cold water, making it a trifle stiffer so that, when the clams are added, they will just drop from the spoon. An oyster-fritter is best made of whole oysters dipped in the same batter, seasoned with a pinch of cayenne pepper and the lemon juice. Apple and peach fritters are quite often soaked in wine or brandy for an hour or two before they are dipped in the batter and fried.

Cinnamon Cakes.—These are nice for tea, and are made as follows: Mix thoroughly half a pound each of powdered sugar, of fine flour and butter, quarter of an ounce of sifted cinnamon, the grated peel of half a small lemon, two well-beaten eggs, a teacup brimful of sour cream and a sherry glass full of brandy. When the paste is smooth roll it out, and bake on a flat, buttered tin.

Chicken Jelly Sandwiches.—To the large and highly respectable family of sandwiches may be added chicken jelly sandwiches. Their merit is that they keep most all day in a hot room, and are well flavored for even the delicate palates that tire of almost everything. Boil a chicken until the meat falls from the bones. Pack the pieces of chicken in a deep greased dish and pour over all half a package of gelatine dissolved in the chicken gravy. Add a little pepper and salt and moisten with the fat skimmed from the top of the liquid.

Chicken Croquettes.—Cut the chicken off the bones, mince fine, moisten with the gravy in which it was stewed, season with pepper and salt, make into small forms with a jelly-glass, dip in eggs and fine and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot lard or butter.

Hot liquid may be poured with safety into any glass vessel by holding it up in the hand and not allowing it to rest on the table.

Scarfs are no longer used to drape pictures and chairs. For the mantel China silk crapes, embroidered, are popular.

Sheets and pillowcases should be carefully folded when dry; then the ironing is made easy.

Tepid water diluted with ammonia is an excellent cleanser for either gold or silver.

Brushes and combs should be washed weekly with tepid water and ammonia.

Sea salt should be used with the bath. It is restful and invigorating.

After washing the hands rub vaseline gently on. It soften the skin.

A Type-Writer's Dream.

BY MAY YEARSLEY.

EVERYBODY knows that just as one is not always asleep when one's eyes are closed, so is the most impracticable dreaming sometimes done when one is not asleep. And this silly little type writer's dream was all dreamed with her round, big eyes staring into vacancy, and soft with a sentimental light, as she weaved herself a romance in which she played the principal part, and the rest of the performers were all suitors for her hand, handsome, dashing young men of fashion and immaculate shirt fronts, patent leather shoes and waxed mustachios.

It never entered her silly little head that honest John who worshipped the ground she walked on, and whom she snubbed as a slow, plodding clodhopper, because the leather that covered his substantial feet was frequently rusty, and his little stubby mustache would not curl at all, was made of very much the same sort of stuff as the creatures of her fancy, and had the advantage of her heroes in being much more reliable. But then she seldom thought at all; it could hardly be expected of her. She was not clever and witty and well read as the type writers we know, but a very ordinary, round little person, with a sort of flat-faced prettiness that charmed honest John at least.

She had teased her weak father to allow her to leave school and learn type-writing, because she had heard of type-writers marrying their wealthy employers, and becoming leaders of fashion.

She did not know that clever people have written that marriage is a failure—and believed it—and if she had known it, it would not have occurred to her that they spoke from the depths of a bitter experience She would have thought, if she had thought at all, which isn't likely, that these clever people were indulging in a joke which she didn't understand, and would have no more profited by their advice than the rest of the world. Marriage meant to Nanny, idleness, attention, indulgence, new dresses and jewelry, and never suggested responsibilities or requirements on her part, any more than it does to lots of wiser people than she.

The heroes of her day dreams were all noble, brave, tender and gallant. She did not reflect that men are only men, and that the difference between the best and the worst of them is often only a circumstance or an opportunity, and that the brainless dandies she so wished poor John would emulate, and poor John himself were moulded of the very same clay, and had all important characteristics in common. The gallants of her dreams always bowed low and lifted their hats high to Nanny, and it did not occur to her that men who lift their hats unnecessarily high and bow unnecessarily low, have no more respect for a woman—and usually not half so much—as honest John, who scarcely knew enough to lift his hat at all.

Well, she made a very indifferent type-writer indeed, and after much trying and a great deal of discouragement, succeeded in getting a position at the paltry sum of $4 00 per week, and was much disgusted to find her employer a crabbed, cranky old man of fifty-five, with daughters as old as she was, who grumbled a great deal at the mistakes she made and kept her because she came cheap. Still, $4.00 a week enabled her to indulge her taste for tawdry jewelry, cheap lace and audible ginghams to some extent, and she consoled herself by making eyes at the intelligent young bookkeeper, whose salary must be quite a large sum and fancied she was succeeding, until she happened to brush past him on the street one day as she was returning from luncheon. He was with a young lady whose splendid eyes were aglow with interest and enthusiasm, and on her conversation the intelligent bookkeeper was so intent that he entirely failed to see poor Nanny, who was on the point of mustering up one of her sweetest smiles by way of greeting. And she felt in a vague, indefinite, discontented way that this young lady was somehow superior to her, and that the young bookkeeper was as unavailable as the crabbed old man, even if he hadn't been married.

But just in proportion as her prospects of practical results were dispelled, it became necessary to feed her imagination with other illusions, which would, in turn, be dispelled, of course, but this poor Nanny did not know. Poor John had a hard time of it in those days, and hoping to win Nanny's favor, bought tickets for a play. And Nanny spent hours on her little toilet, wore her imitation ear rings, finger rings and what not, and was finally ready. From her exalted height in the theatre Nanny observed a leather faced old man in one of the boxes whom she recognized as her employer, and with a handsome, haughty looking young lady, his daughter, whose disdainful airs to her attendant swain were just in keeping with Nanny's ideas, and Nanny noted too that the attendant swain wore just the proper thing in ties, fronts, mustachios, etc.

After they left the hall and on the way home, Nanny was so preoccupied and distracted in her dream world, and treated honest John's attempts to such a miniature imitation of the airs, graces and haughtiness she had just observed, that the poor fellow finally dropped into a pained silence, and wondered what had come over the girl lately.

And so she dreamed and dreamed, and never very competent, grew more careless and indifferent, until finally her employer informed Nanny that he had made other arrangements. And Nanny went home with a lump in her throat and cried herself red and swollen with mortification. John's guardian angel was surely not watching over him this evening, for of all others he selected this to call on Nanny, and found her in her tears and distress a much more tractable little animal than he ever found her before, for which poor John was so pleased and grateful that he proposed, was accepted, and after Nanny's small and nervous preparations—all too carried on in a sort of dream—they were married.

Nanny was very good tempered and pleased all the time they were on their little wedding trip, which Nanny called their "tour," and almost until the five new dresses that she called her "trousseau" had become a little shabby, and then—no one who had known the insignificant little type-writer with her neutral opinions and characteristics, dreamed of the capacity she developed for harrowing and worrying, teasing and vexing gentle amiable John.

And one day, this poor fellow almost distracted, used a strong expression, upon which Nanny called him a "brute," and immediately fell into hysterics, which were so much overdone, as to be a palpable sham even to unsuspecting John, and instead of coaxing and petting her into a sullen forgiveness as he had done on the five hundred other occasions when she had made similar scenes, he left her lying just where she had dropped, and serve her right too. And Nanny dragged herself up to bed, after she had waid there long enough to make sure John was really not coming back to pick her up, resolved to stay miserable until John was properly repentant. And she moaned dismally all the time John was in hearing and only ate when he was off to business, and made believe she didn't eat at all for three days. But this finally became too hard work for Nanny, and as John didn't "come round," she came sullenly round herself.

And John did his duty by Nanny, although it was a very discouraging duty indeed, because he was not a brute at all, but a soft, big lubber who would not be unkind to a cat, not even such a cat as Nanny. But the instinct of love had dissolved in Nanny's hysterical tears and it was simply as a routine to which he had become accustomed. And John had no consolation but his pipe and finally took to drinking.

Nanny's round face became long, her mouth dropped at the corners, she never smiled saved once a bitter smile at a cut in a newspaper relative to a divorce in high life, in which she recognized one of the participants as the daughter of her old employer, out of which she seemed to derive some comfort, and came to the conclusion at last that men are much the same the world over.

And John made the mistake that many a cleverer and wiser man than he has done, and came to the conclusion that because he was disappointed in one woman, that they are all peevish and captious, hysterical and capricious.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

BRAZILIAN SNAKES.

SNAKE stories have obtained rather an unenviable notoriety at the present time. In all parts and at all times there have been many superstitions and crude fancies about snakes. Of late, however, they have been studied scientifically and without bias, and have been proved to possess many points of extreme interest to naturalists.

The fact that these reptiles, without fins, wings, or feet, and with very small power in their jaws, should be able to pursue and catch fish, birds, and animals superior in strength and speed to themselves, and feed thereon, would alone entitle them to a large share of scientific interest.

An experience of five years in the north of Brazil locating and constructing new lines of railway through wild and wooded districts has given the writer exceptional opportunities of coming into close contact with and studying these curiosities of nature, a short description of a few of which may prove of interest.

The extreme beauty and grace of some of these reptiles in their wild state are not to be conceived by those who have only seen them in confinement, probably having been badly injured when captured, and therefore in a sickly condition.

A large boa constrictor in its wild state, gliding along at about five miles an hour, moves like an undulating stream of beautiful colors, its smooth scales glistening in the sun with all the glories of the rainbow. This snake becomes very tame and easy to handle when captured young. Contrary to all popular ideas as to the horrid appearance and sliminess of a snake, no animal can be more graceful in all its movements or cleaner to handle.

A non-poisonous snake catches its prey in ambush, seizing it by the head with its flexible jaws enclosing the mouth of its victim. A couple of coils are then rapidly drawn round its chest, and the snake contracting these, crushes the unfortunate beast, the ribs snapping with the great muscular force applied.

After death, without the head being loosed, the victim is drawn down by an alternating motion of the snake's jaws, the teeth in which, all pointing backwards, force it slowly down. The neck and body swell to an enormous extent, a snake being able to swallow an animal three times its own diameter.

A snake finds a great difficulty in swallowing any animal against the direction of the hairs in its fur, and therefore the head is nearly always the first part swallowed. It does not lick its prey all over, as popularly believed, and certainly cannot suck it down. After a meal, it lies torpid for a considerable time, digesting the bones as well as the flesh. If disturbed then, it seems very helpless until it has disgorged its meal, then it becomes particularly active and savage. Any snake is, however, comparatively easy to disable, a slight blow with a switch being sufficient to dislocate its vertebræ, when it is helpless. If desired to capture a snake of unknown character, without injuring it as a specimen, this is easily done by watching an opportunity to pin its neck down with a walking-stick or pole according to its size. It is then firmly seized behind the head, and is powerless to bite.

Few things can be more exciting than the capture of a large and recognizedly deadly serpent. The first step is to rouse it and make it show fight. Meanwhile, a forked pole is cut, and with this its neck is firmly pinned to the ground. At the same time a man has been cutting long lengths of a creeper, called here the "Cipo," which when they worked up becomes as flexible and tough as rope. With these its head is firmly lashed to the fork, and its body is coiled round the pole and lashed also. It can then be carried home and put in a proper box and studied. Care has to be taken, however, than in its struggles it does not break loose from the pole, as then all has to be begun again and under disadvantages. Aided by two or three real woodmen, one can thus catch a serpent of almost any size found here. These men—called here "Matutos" or "Cabolos"—are very skilful at all wood-lore, and have plenty of nerve. They are a mixture of Indian and Portuguese. It is useless to ask a negro to help, as at the slightest alarm he will leave you in the lurch.

I have caught alive and uninjured a rattle snake seven feet long, aided by only one Matuto, and without the slightest danger. This well-known reptile ("Crotalus horridus") is common in dry and stony tracts here. It grows to a great length, some say ten feet, and is very thick. It lives chiefly on a sort of coney, called here the "Prais." It, in common with nearly venomous snakes, has two long fangs outside the ordinary teeth possessed by all snakes. In the act of striking, these, by a muscular attachment to their bony bases, are protruded at right angles to the upper jaws and in the direction of its lunge. The lunge is made by suddenly straightening the S curve into which it throw its neck and part of the body when roused. The fangs consist of hollow cylinders fixed to the bony bases, and cut away at the points like a quill pen. On striking, the bases are pressed against the poison sacs, of which they form part, and a drop of venom is forced along the hollow part of each fang to the quill part, where it comes in contact with the blood at nearly an inch under the skin of the victim. Thus it can be seen that the old fallacy of thick stockings absorbing the poison is exploded, as it does not run on the outside of the fang. A more perfect hypodermic syringe has not been invented. The death from the bite of this snake is said to be painless,, a heavy lethargy numbing all the senses.

The peculiar danger of the rattlesnake consists in its sluggish habits, owing to which it is more likely to be found in the way of a man approaching. Other venomous varieties generally move away. Unless roused, however, it seldom or never strikes, and always gives warning by violently agitating its rattles, which make a sound somewhat like a very large cricket, and to be heard at fifty yards. It can at other times be handled almost without danger; many natives even here do it. The fat of its entrails is said to be a sovereign remedy for rheumatism.

It produces its young alive, there is reason to believe, without the preliminary formality of an egg, so much indulged in by other reptiles. The number of rattles is said to show its age, but this is not proved. On the contrary, facts go against the theory, as the smallest often have the most rattles. In this country it is of a brownish ash color, with yellowish grid-iron markings on the back.

A HARMLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.—Jack Pringle is a man who never wasted an opportunity, or puts off for to-morrow the joke that can be done to-day. Going down the street last Wednesday, he was accosted by a little nervous man who had an impediment in his speech.

Said the stranger:

"C can you t-tell me w-where I can g-get a-some t tin t-tacks?"

"With much pleasure, sir," replied Jack, who realized the position at once, and, having directed his interlocutor to the shop of a neighboring ironmonger, by a somewhat circuitous route, he himself hurried off to the spot by a short cut. Now the ironmonger was having his dinner in a little back parlor, but when Jack entered the premises he came forward briskly, bowing and rubbing his hands together in that peculiar manner that is characteristic of the British shopkeeper

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t tacks?" said Jack, assuming a stammer.

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir."

G-g good long ones?"

"Yes, sir; all sizes, sir."

"W-with s-s-sharp points?"

"Yes, sir, very sharp points."

"W-w-well, then, s-s-sit down on 'em, and w-w-wait till I c call a-again."

Having "given his order," Jack thought it prudent to retire at once, as there were several heavy articles within easy access of the proprietors's hands.

The old man had hardly cooled down and returned to his meal, which had also cooled down unpleasantly, when the real "Simon Pure" entered the shop, and again the ironmonger came forth, "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water."

"Do y-you s-sell t-t-tin t-tacks?" said the little man.

Luckily the door was open, so the customer successfully avoided the two flat-irons hurled at him.

As to the remarks made by the dealer in ferruginous goods, the printer says that they "run too much on sorts," and "he is not going to cut up a lot of rules to make dashes."

THE RICE PAPER TREE.—The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the entire flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes with other subtropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs. When first transplanted in American soil the experimenters expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that it would be unable to stand the winters. All these fears have vanished, however, and it is as well adapted to the climate of this country as to that of the famed Flowery Kingdom.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet and with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color according to season, are large, soft, and downy—the form somewhat resembling that noticed in those of the castor bean plant.

The celebrated rice paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders, several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and, turning them around either by rude machinery or by hand (in which latter operation they display much skill and dexterity), pare the pith from circumference to centre. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared it is unrolled and weights placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length. It is altogether probable that if rice paper making becomes an industry in the United States primitive modes of manufacture will all be done away with.

TRICKS OF MANNER.—If young people are allowed to conduct and express themselves carelessly at home, when in society, however much they are under control, little tricks of manner, slang words, &c., will come out. If mothers and fathers aim at their sons and daughters being refined and agreeable in society, they must begin by insisting on their being at home as courteous, as obliging, and as perfectly polite to each other as they would be to strangers.

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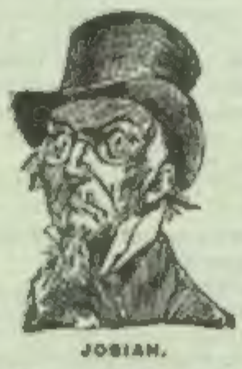
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That sets his heart aglow?
What is the safest way to prove
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The written message on its way
Leaves tremor in each nerve;
Such words are traitors, that betray
When best they seem to serve.

The spoken vows alone are good,
Shun the indited sort;
The better they portray your mood
The worse they sound in court.

—U. S. Noxx

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The breath of suspicion—cloves.

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Why is the letter D a great reformer? Because it makes men mend.

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The armless freak who plays the piano with his feet comes nearer having music in his sole than any man has yet heard of.

"So you married Algeron after all." "Yes. I tried to be patient and all that, but I just couldn't bear to have him with me so much."

Inquiring child: "Papa, why do people cry at weddings?"

Papa, abstractedly: "Most of 'em have been married themselves."

Lionel: "I say, Budge, where do the skye terriers come from?"

Budge: "Why, from the clouds, when it rains cats and dogs, you know."

Clara: "What an absurd flatterer Mr. Softie is!"

Dora: "Did he say you were pretty?"

Clara: "He said you were."

"What is this money to be used for that the church is raising?"

"It's to send the minister away and give the congregation a much-needed vacation."

Binks: "I notice that your barber always talks to you in French; I did not know that you understood that language."

Jinks: "Well, I don't; but you needn't tell him so."

Watts—"Weren't you telling me that you had joined a bicycle club?"

Potts—"No, I said I had bought one. And the first chump on a wheel who runs into me is going to feel the weight of it, too."

Ethel: "Mr. Popsnap proposed last night and I accepted."

Effie, sweetly: "Yes, he told me yesterday afternoon that if I refused him he'd propose to the very first girl of his acquaintance that he dropped across."

Young Dovely: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Old Cynicus: "It is the only kind a sensible man is ever afflicted with, my boy, because then he is unacquainted with the weaknesses and failings of the woman."

She: "Stop! You sha'n't kiss me to-night—at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard to-day that you had been engaged to 16 different girls."

He: "But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love."

She: "So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that."

Angelina: "What did you tell papa about your prospects?"

Edwin: "I said I had expectations from my uncle."

Angelina: "Why, Edwin, you told me you had no relatives at all."

Edwin: "Oh, yes, but I'm going to pawn my watch this evening."

"I don't know whether to accept Willie Hinkins or not," said the young woman; "he's so wonderfully well satisfied with himself."

"Well, he'd surely be easy to get along with," replied the confidante.

"What makes you think so?"

"He must be easily pleased."

"Isn't it a beautiful night, Clarence?" she whispered tenderly, as her head reclined against his shoulder.

"Yes," replied Clarence, the barber, very absent-mindedly, as he ran his fingers softly through her golden hair; "yes, a fine night. Better have that hair trimmed up a little, though, hadn't you? Looks pretty ragged, you know, and it really needs a shampoo, too."

Mr. Hungry Higgins looked over the fence and saw a sight that nearly paralyzed him. He looked again. Yes, it was too true. Mr. Dismal Dawson was sawing wood.

"What does this mean?" asked Hungry.

Mr. Dawson saw he was caught. So he straightened up and assumed an air of righteous indignation.

"It means dis," said he; "de boys didn't treat me right in dividin' up the beer las' night, an' I'm out on strike, see?"

SHOWING HIS SPIRIT.—Mr. X. is a gentleman of remarkale firmness and courage. There is no man in N—— who rules his household with stricter discipline—at least so he says himself, and, of course, he ought to know.

The other day he and some other were discussing the conduct of a repeatedly henpecked friend.

"For my part," said Mr. X. loftily, "I cannot understand a man submitting to be tyrannized over by his wife. Now Mrs. X. knows me. I have taught her to obey—that my will is law—and I should just like to see her rebel, that's all."

Unfortunately some malicious person carried his words in a much exaggerated form to Mrs. X. That singularly obedient dame was not to be trifled with. On her husband's arrival she immediately attacked him about his unworthy conduct. He hesitated, stammered, apologized, whereupon she grew violent.

"How dare you, sir? How dare you talk of me in that manner before a pack of your boon companions? The man who should protect me laughs at me publicly! It's outrageous! I tell you I've a good mind to——"

Here she seized a long-handled broom—a movement so suggestive that her husband precipitately fled upstairs to a bedroom. She followed at his heels, burst in after him, and found that he had taken refuge under the bed.

"Come out, you mean wretch!" she cried, prodding him with the broom.

"Easy, Marie, easy!" expostulated the unfortunate husband.

"You great coward, come out, I say!" with another vigorous prod.

"Never, Marie, never! I'll never come out while I've the spirit of a man!" gasped the fugitive, shrinking closer to the wall.

Mr. X., however, ultimately surrendered. He now maintains a discreet reticence regarding his domestic relations.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—A member of the sanitary board of one of our large towns came across a boy the other day who was wheeling home a load of tins and bottles, and, curious to know to what use the lad could put them, he made a direct inquiry.

"Going to throw them into our backyard," replied the boy. "I took two loads home yesterday."

"But what do you use them for?"

"It's a trick of the family," grinned the lad.

"In what way?"

"I might as well tell," continued the boy. "We're going to have some relashuns come from the country. We may not have much to eat; but, if they see these tins, and bottles, and boxes, they'll think we've had boysters, champagne, and all the rest of it, till we've got tired of 'em, and are livin' on bread and maters for a healthy change!"

The members of the sanitary board scratched his ear like a man who had received a new idea.

ONE STEP FROM THE SUBLIME.—At a recent missionary meeting a young minister named B. was called upon to give an address.

Mr. B.'s style is remarkably flowery, but those "purple patches" with which he frequently adorns his speeches are highly distasteful to Brother T., a plain, practical, old traveling preacher, who happened on the present occasion to be sitting on the platform.

"Methinks, brethren," exclaimed Mr. B. in the course of his oration, during which he had surveyed mankind from China to Peru, "Methinks I can hear the clash of the cymbals in the great procession of Juggernaut; I can smell the spicy breezes of Ceylon wafted——"

"No, Brother B.," interrupted Mr. T. very solemnly; "it's the broken gaspipe you can smell—the man hasn't fixed it yet!"

Brother B.'s speech came to an abrupt conclusion amid the laughter of the audience.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS—SOMETIMES.—It is a curious fact that Cardinal Manning, with all his undoubted talents, had, unlike his great compeer Newman, no taste for either poetry or music.

On one occasion, having to preach at a suburban church, the organist, knowing the Cardinal's objection to florid music, chose one of what he considered the quietest masses of Haydn—that known as No. 16

When the service was over he was sent for by the Cardinal, who complimented him upon the music.

It was devotional, he said, and did both vocalists and organist the greatest credit.

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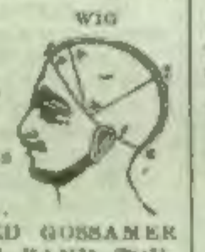

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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